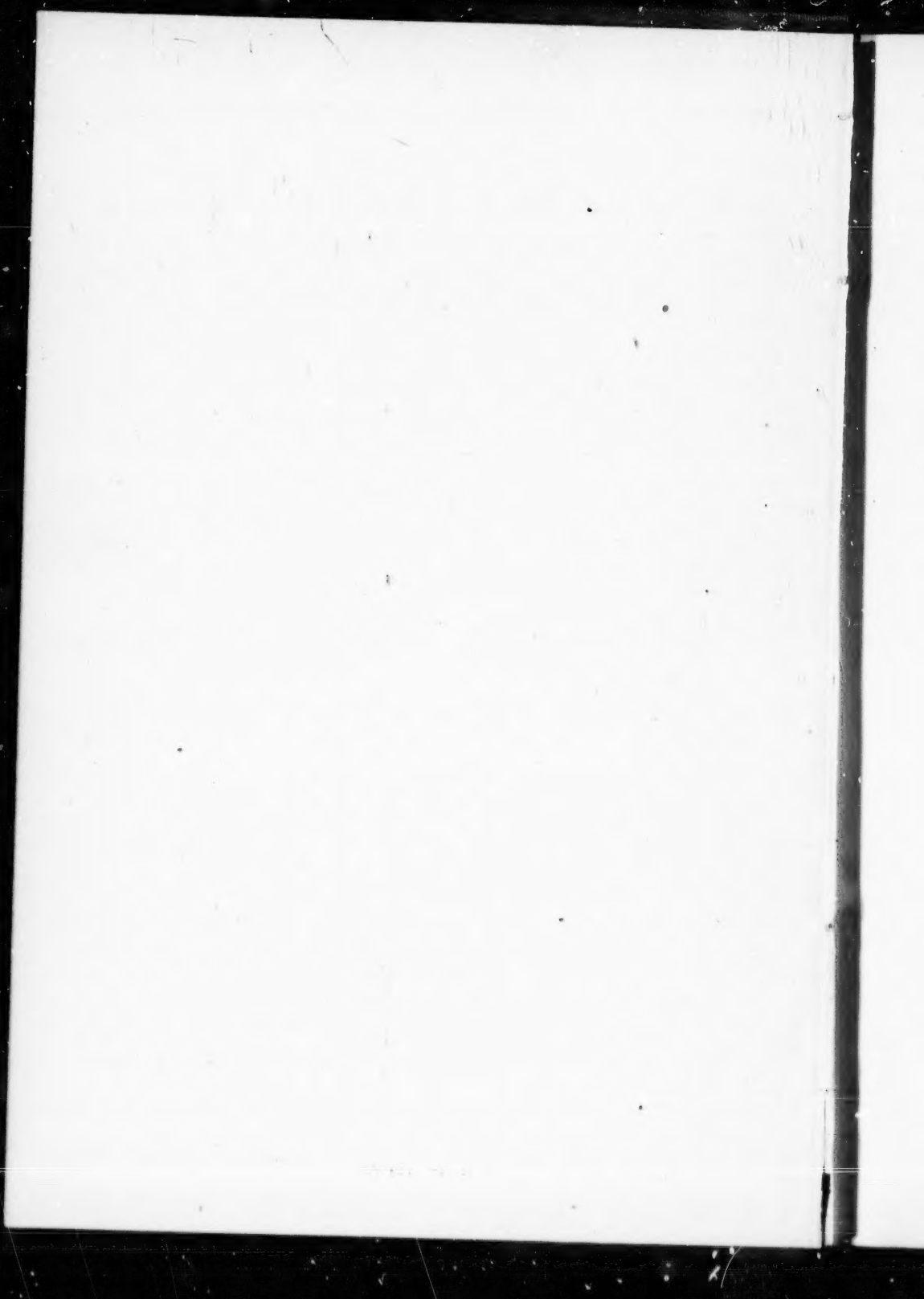




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REVERIES :- REVIEWS
RECOLLECTIONS.

BY

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PREFACE.

MORE than fifty years ago, in the days of my boyhood, I began to contribute to newspapers and magazines. Since that time seldom has a month elapsed but I have done something in the same line. To fulfil the ministry given to me by God and His Church has always been my *first* duty, literary enterprise but secondary. The papers now given to the public have, some of them, been published before—a couple of them more than forty years ago. They have all been remodelled, and some entirely re-written. I am doing this solely for the love of it. If anyone is pleased or profited, I, too, shall be both pleased and profited. If anyone sees fit to criticise, it will not hurt me.

THE AUTHOR.

124 WILTON AVENUE,
TORONTO, *June, 1887.*

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1890

1. The first part of the year was spent in the
field, collecting specimens of the various
plants and animals of the region. The
second part of the year was spent in the
laboratory, preparing the specimens for
study. The third part of the year was
spent in the field, collecting specimens of
the various plants and animals of the region.
The fourth part of the year was spent in
the laboratory, preparing the specimens for
study. The fifth part of the year was
spent in the field, collecting specimens of
the various plants and animals of the region.
The sixth part of the year was spent in
the laboratory, preparing the specimens for
study. The seventh part of the year was
spent in the field, collecting specimens of
the various plants and animals of the region.
The eighth part of the year was spent in
the laboratory, preparing the specimens for
study. The ninth part of the year was
spent in the field, collecting specimens of
the various plants and animals of the region.
The tenth part of the year was spent in
the laboratory, preparing the specimens for
study.

Reveries—Reviews—Recollections.

REVERIE No. I.

"I am pleased, and yet I'm sad."—*Henry Kirke White.*

THERE are few things, perhaps, which tend more to give the countenance a melancholy cast than a thoughtful turn of mind. Misfortune may blanch the fairest cheek and soften the most rugged features, and when musing on our personal ills we are led to assume a sad appearance. But this is not what I mean—it is a sorrowful sadness. I mean a melancholy which arises from a natural thoughtfulness, from being habituated to muse with our own fantasy. This is a pleasing sadness, which I think we may safely conclude there are but few who enjoy, as we continually hear about driving away thought, and to be found thinking will ruin a man with half the world. In this case I measure not my conduct by the opinion of the world, as for upwards of twenty years my own bosom has been the only receptacle of my various phantasms. Except a short time, I have never had a friend to whom I could unbend my spirit. But this

want has been at least partially supplied from an aptitude to commune with my own thoughts, and a diligent application to that inexhaustible source of pleasure—books. It may have produced a somewhat morbid state of mind, and a degree of unsociableness, but the pleasure has been proportionate.

I am not going to descant on the pleasures of melancholy, that were superfluous. It has already been done by abler pens than mine. I wish to indicate that I stand alone in the world—that the greater part of my pleasures arise from contemplation. While I saunter along, with a countenance that few care to look upon, none to address, I am mentally pleased while looking into the various characters which chance may throw in my way. Here comes the man of business. See what an air of bustle and fatigue there is about him. He pants and blows as if it were summer. He has thrown open his waistcoat to catch a little air; while I, who am nothing but skin and bones, am almost frozen. But here floats along the supercilious lady, with her cloak trimmed with costly furs. See what a *hauteur* she has; but then perhaps she is a beauty and a *belle*. How disdainfully she looks at passers-by—how condescendingly she bows to yon cavalier on his prancing steed! He acknowledges it as the greatest favor. What a contrast there is between her and that modest, pretty girl who follows her! She is conscious of her beauty, but wishes not to blazon it for 'h to every one. If she is saluted, she gracefully returns it, and passes on. Hers is a happy lot; she is jealous of no one.

She cares not for the frivolities of fashion which fascinate others in her station. But here is a group of young ones. Hear the brats, how they halloo. Theirs is the heyday of youth and happiness; although their skin looks through their clothes in divers places, they will think of these days when they have to provide for themselves. At present they have nothing to care for; when they have eaten one meal, scanty though it be, they think not where the next is to come from. After all, they are a miserable-looking set, but they know it not. Some of them are without hats, another has no jacket or waistcoat, another has but the remnant of a pair of trousers, and there is one little wretch who has no shirt. Ha! there is a scuffle among them. They have agreed upon a match at snow-balling, and it is now being carried into effect. How they scamper about, how they tear up the snow, not earth! 'Tis as good as a battle. How they scoop it into places where it can reach the skin, and these are not wanting! Each in his turn is rolled in and covered with snow. 'Tis a wonder they are not frozen, but their souls are in the work. But whose splendid equipage is that which fast approaches? In what state it glides along! Nodding plumes are there. The gay, the merry, the thoughtless are there. How loud is their laugh! The very horses are conscious of their glee. They are like the brats whom they have passed, free from care. When this *fête* is ended they have only to contrive another, more splendid if possible; and so on, day after day, month after month, year after year, till old

age comes on, or as long as "life's fitful dream shall last," when they shall sink into the grave unremembered but by their immediate acquaintances. It may be there are those among them who can boast of learning, of genius. Theirs is a misspent life. Their genius, their learning, is wasted among the frivolous. Their splendid sayings, their brilliant witticisms, die with them.

Well, well; sweep on, ye proud ones of the world; six feet of earth will do for you ere long. Your sables will be of no use to you then—worms will crawl over your delicate limbs. You will soon be, like the loathsome mendicant, as if you had never been. Not a vestige of one will be found more than the other. Contemplate this for a short space—does your flesh crawl, do you shudder at the thought?

I speak not this in bitterness; I care not for the idle pageantry of the rich and great. Give me to drink at the fount of Arethusæ—let me dive into the traditionary lore of days gone by; 'tis all I ask. The world's pleasures are nothing to me; I view them all with jaundiced eyes, I can join in none of their gaieties. Rather, far rather, had I muse on the fate of those who have left a halo around their names, which shall burn bright and more bright until memory shall cease to exist. They whose names have lived hundreds, thousands of years, on the pages of heroic song, will exist forever. Oh, what a thought! Could they now revisit the earth, and see and hear what we see and hear, what would be their emotions? Their names repeated

by a thousand tongues, bestowing praises which none will gainsay. Oh, divine bards! may your rest be sweet; may ministering angels attend your every want.

The reader of these Reveries must not expect to find that polished style, that studied elegance, which characterize the writings of the present day. They are not the productions of "hours of idleness," but the overflowings of moments snatched from oblivion. They will consist of reflections, incidents of my intercourse with the world; in fact, of anything which may serve to illustrate facts. There are always occurrences even in everyday life which a philosophical mind may turn to some account. I claim not the title of a philosopher, but, as I said before, I find a pleasure in contemplating nature in every garb.

Perhaps I cannot better conclude this paper than by relating the story of the dervise, though at the risk of telling a thrice-told tale:

Certain merchants were travelling across the desert, with a caravan, when one camel accidentally strayed from the main body. When it became known, one of the merchants immediately went in search of him. While wandering about, he accidentally fell in with an old dervise, of whom he made inquiry concerning his camel. "Your camel," said the dervise, "has passed over the hill yonder; he was laden on one side with barley" (the merchant assented), "on the other with honey?" "Yes." "He is blind of an eye?" "Yes." "He has a front tooth broken?" "Yes." "The hoof

of his right fore-foot is broken?" "The same," said the merchant; "and now, since you have described him so well, you can, of course, give me some information where I may find him." "None whatever," replied the dervise. "What! after giving the most accurate description possible, not tell me where you have seen him?" "I have not seen your camel," said the dervise.

Provoked by the apparent obstinacy of the old man, the merchant took him before the Cadi in order to extort the necessary information. The case being stated, he was asked why he refused to relate where he had seen the camel. "I have already told the truth," said he; "I have not seen the camel. Living, as I do, in the midst of the desert, it is but seldom that I meet with my fellow-men. But passing to-day over the hillside, I observed the track of a lame camel. Barley was scattered on one side of the way; on the other I saw honey—from this I inferred what his burden consisted of. I also observed the herbage was cropped on one side only; by this I judged he was blind. I saw he had a broken tooth by a mark on the bushes which were eaten off. It was from these observations that I was enabled to describe the camel. From these circumstances you may see, though I have lived all my life in the desert, I have ever found ample scope for contemplation."

REVERIE No. II.

"Oh! there are tears,—big bursting tears for thee."

WE have had numerous accounts of supernatural beings presiding over, or watching the destiny of, particular individuals. The most remarkable of these is, probably, the demon of Socrates, which always warned him of any approaching evil. What his demon was we have nothing to do with at present. The agency of spirits has been allowed in all ages, and even at the present day obtains belief among the vulgar.

Whether these spirits are of a good or bad character, they always appear to be eminently qualified for their station. Each one is acquainted with the secret thoughts and desires of his *protege*. Hesiod says: "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen." It has been the opinion of some that every individual has his guardian angel. Be this as it may, there are comparatively but few that have revealed themselves. The instance I am about to relate will serve as one illustration. It had more effect on me, probably from my more intimate acquaintance with the facts, than any other of which I have any knowledge.

Nathan Harwood, I think I may say, was the only true friend I ever possessed. His whole soul was

formed for friendship. Born and nurtured in the lap of luxury, there was an essential difference between us. Notwithstanding this, our pursuits were as much as possible the same. At an early age he lost both his parents, and ever after his countenance wore a melancholy aspect. His smile was a gloomy one; yet he was not morose or repulsive, for he had the kindest heart that ever beat in vital frame. He was always melted at the recital of a tale of woe, and with a liberal hand was ever ready to extend relief. I have said that our pursuits were similar as much as possible. Every evening found us together; we read together; each one knew of the other's projects for the future; we criticized each other's productions. He was the only one who knew that I attempted to write poetry. Never shall I forget the time I first sent one of my productions into the world. I had formed the design, and took the first opportunity to communicate it to my friend.

He approved it, and we selected a piece—not the best, nor the worst—and sent it forth to the editor of a neighboring periodical. We were sitting together about a week after when we received the paper; I took it with a trembling hand and began to unfold it. I scarcely knew what I did—I trembled in every limb. Alternately hope and fear predominated, a dizziness came over me, I felt as if I dare not unfold it, and before my task was accomplished the paper fell from my hand. My fate through life appeared to be involved in that paper. I thought my happiness or misery de-

pended upon it. Nathan took it up, while a smile played on his countenance, and proceeded to examine the contents. He turned the leaves rapidly over for some time, when suddenly stopping he exclaimed, "'Tis here, 'tis here." I snatched the paper from his hand, I saw it—I devoured it; that piece, of which I knew every letter, I read a hundred times. Moreover, there were some flattering editorial remarks. I strode the room in an ecstacy of joy; I had never had such feelings before. Harwood's exultation was equal to my own. His fine dark eyes glistened with pleasure. We read nothing more that night, and parted but to dream of the temple of fame.

There are few events in life, perhaps, which have a more thrilling effect on a young man's mind, than to see his first production in print. He fancies that he may but stretch his arm and all his day dreams are realized. Would he were less sanguine, his disappointment would be proportionate.

Months, years, rolled on, and the friendship between Nathan Harwood and myself continued the same, unchanged, unchangeable. Both of us were contributors to some of the principal periodicals of the day. Our evenings were spent together as usual. Everything which could contribute to each other's happiness was attended to. But suddenly I observed a "change come o'er the spirit of his dream." He became gloomy and unsocial, and at times I observed a tear trickle down his cheek. The open page lay unheeded before him. His form, too, began fearfully to

waste away. The fire of his eye was gone, it sent forth an unearthly lustre. For a time I painfully refrained from noticing his dejection. It was spring-time, and we roamed the fields together, heedless of the variations of nature. I longed to know the cause of his melancholy, but could not gather courage to ask him. There was something so sacred about our friendship that if each passing thought was not communicated voluntarily, I could not ask him; and I believe, had I been placed in a similar situation, he would have been the same. About this time we agreed, at my suggestion, to take an early ramble one morning to view nature in her calm loveliness. Accordingly we sallied forth just as the grey light appeared in the east. Our course lay by the side of a small stream whose banks were bordered with foliage. The buds were expanding with the genial heat of spring. The birds carolled in every bush. It was a lovely morning, but my poor friend was unusually depressed; we walked along in silence, all the gay scenes which were once his greatest delight were passed unnoticed. Suddenly a lark sprang up in our path, and pealed forth a merry note as he mounted to his dizzy height. As he soared upward his notes became shrill and more shrill, until he appeared to strain every power of melody, and it became one continued scream. Still we could hear him after he had disappeared in the clouds. We walked along listening to the song of the lark, when they became fainter and more faint, and soon entirely ceased. Then was heard a sound as of

something cutting the air, and the lark fell dead at our feet. Poor bird! he had exhausted himself, and this was the penalty. Nathan and myself stood and looked at the bird without uttering a word; I raised my eyes to look at my friend,—his frame was convulsed—big tears of agony rolled down his cheeks. I could refrain no longer, I burst out into tears with him. "My dear H.," said he, "I am going to die! How emblematical is that poor lark of me! I, like him, have strained every nerve in striving to bring forth harmony, sweet and melodious. Like him it was for my own pleasure, and like him I shall die." I endeavored to soothe his excited feelings; I saw there was some further disclosure to make, but did not immediately inquire. In a few minutes he became more calm, and said, "I will tell you all—I should have told you before, but knowing your antipathy to a belief in such like stories, I did not wish to incur your ridicule." We now turned toward home, and he related to me how he had been warned of approaching death. It would have been cruel—in fact I never thought of ridicule, but gave full credence to what he said. He had been visited by a spirit, in the form of a young and beautiful female. The spirit had repeated its visits, and they had now become familiar. He described it as being of the most surpassing loveliness. Its dress was always the same—pure white. It was all that could be imagined of angelic beauty.

We parted that morning with sad forebodings—I to my usual avocation, my friend to brood on the com-

munication of the spirit. That was a sad day for us both. A month only had to pass and I was to lose my dearest, my only friend. A month only and he was to pass into a world of spirits! Alas! the time approached. I gave up my whole time to him; day and night found me a constant attendant at his side. The ablest physicians were called to his assistance; but all availed nothing—he as firmly believed he should die at the appointed hour as he believed in his present existence.

I endeavored to persuade him that the hour fixed for his death would pass unnoticed, but all in vain. In fact, I believed it myself as firmly as he did, but yet was determined on trying some expedient in order to prevent it. In the course of my reading I recollected having seen an account of a student at Jena who had received a similar communication, and was similarly affected. In that case a drug was given him to produce sleep, and he awoke two hours after the time he was to have died, perfectly recovered. I proposed trying this method with my friend, which the physician cordially assented to.

Nothing could exceed the tranquillity with which he viewed his approaching dissolution. He was the only calm person in the neighborhood. His situation was universally deplored by his acquaintances; the poor people lamented him for his benefactions; I sorrowed for him as my only friend. Day and night I was his constant companion. I read to him, I conversed with him, I did everything for him which friendship could

suggest. He imparted to me the arrangement of his funeral, the disposal of his property.

He directed a number of small legacies to be paid to poor people who had before been his pensioners. "And to you, H——," said he, "I will leave my books. Preserve them," he continued; "in them you can see and converse with all that is good and great. But to you I need not expatiate, who know so well their priceless value." And these relics from me will never part but with departing life!

It was the evening before his death; I was sitting by his side. I had been reading that portion of *Lalla Rookh* where the unhappy Hindoo so exquisitely laments her withered hopes:—

" 'Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I ne'er caress'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft blue eye;
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!"

Lulled by the softness of the breeze, and fatigued by continued watching, I fell asleep, when I dreamed. I dreamt that I saw my friend; but it was his pure spirit, mounted on angels' wings, and soaring towards the heavens.

One led the way. That one I immediately recognized as the one that had warned him of his approaching end. He beckoned me with a heavenly smile, as they entered the clouds, and I saw him no more.

Nathan had not been less busy awake than I in my sleep. I had slept but a few minutes when the spirit appeared at the casement. "Ethereal spirit! what wouldst thou?" "I come," said the spirit; "I come again to tell thee I am true. To-morrow evening at six I shall be here again, to conduct thee to the regions of bliss. Till then, farewell!" "Sweet spirit! remain one moment—but one moment longer." He stepped across the room to awake me—we turned—the phantom had fled.

The morrow came—the fatal hour approached. An opiate was administered to him, when he speedily began to appear drowsy. Taking my hand, he said, "Do not deceive yourself; I know what you have done—think not that it will have any effect—as assuredly shall I die in one half-hour as I now live." And soon did he sink into a calm and pleasant sleep, from which he never awoke again. I pressed my fingers on the throbbings of that pulse, until I felt that the spirit of Nathan Harwood had fled forever. It was then I felt the absolute wretchedness of my situation. The last few days appeared as a dream, but now I knew that I was alone.

The obsequies of my poor friend were next attended to. I followed his remains as chief mourner. When we returned his house was already in the possession of a distant relation. Bitter were the tears which I shed when I entered my own chamber. Harwood! thy image is inprinted on my mind, and there will it forever remain.

REVIVALS AND REVIVALISTS.

A paper read before the Toronto Ministerial Association, in Shaftesbury Hall, Nov. 15, 1886.

IT may at once be stated, that when requested to prepare a paper for to-day I had not the most remote idea of taking what is indicated in the above title as the subject to be presented. I may say, however, that the recent visit to our city of the Georgia evangelists, the widely-spread influence of their labors—still deepening—suggested the subject as appropriate and timely for discussion here. One reference of a personal character I will venture to make. More than forty years of the writer's life have been spent uninterruptedly as a minister of the Church of Christ; from three to six months in every one of those years have been occupied in direct revival work, *i.e.*, in persuading sinners to be reconciled to God, and gathering the fruits of such efforts into the Church. Many of those I can refer to to-day as having stood the test of fifteen, twenty, twenty-five and thirty or more years, and still are in positions of trust and influence. Several are in the ministry; many others are in secular life, equally honored in their station. I make these references with feelings of unfeigned thankfulness, and because the recollection cheers my own heart. And also

further to say, in the outset, that I enter upon the discussion of the subject being entirely in sympathy with at least that part of it implied in the first part of the title of this paper.

I can present but a very brief outline within any reasonable limits on a subject upon which so much has been written. Certain principles will be taken for granted without occupying time in furnishing any proof of their truth, and it is presumed that these are such as are generally believed. These are some of them, viz.: The reality of the change in man's nature effected by the power of the Holy Spirit, usually and scripturally termed *conversion*; the need of this change by all unsaved sinners; God's plan of human instrumentality in carrying on His work, by preaching the Word, by prayer, by personal intercourse with the unsaved.

Let us first ascertain what is to be understood by a revival of religion. The trend of man's disposition in relation to religion is to declension. In consequence of continuous contact with things secular, the tendency of the soul is to become (figuratively speaking) materialized, absorbed by attention being given entirely to things of the world. And this tendency could never be more manifest than in this present age of the Church's existence—an age of steam, of telegraphs, of telephones—a time when some men suddenly become possessed of an extraordinary amount of wealth, and when others are in extreme poverty. I will also add, that a living Church, properly utilizing those things

(which are simply the discoveries of science practically applied to the ordinary operations of life), never possessed such advantages in carrying on the work of God as at present. In referring thus to those materializing tendencies, and the manner in which Christians too frequently yield to them, it is not for a moment supposed that they have no degree of the fear of God left. But here we see the necessity of a revival, which must first begin in the Church of Christ, and which, in brief, we understand to be an increase of that which already has an existence in the heart. It is a renewal of the spiritual life of the soul, followed, as the effect of it, by increased activity on behalf of the unsaved. There is much tenderness of heart; there is deep contrition on account of past neglect. When Christians become unusually earnest and active, and are constrained to cry to God for more spiritual life and power for themselves, and for the conversion of sinners, these will not long remain unaffected thereby. Generally the revival of Christians and the conversion of sinners are concomitant blessings.

In referring to a revival extending outside of the Church, the essential feature is that a sinner may be converted to God and saved from sin. By the same power others may be saved. Christians hail the conversion of *one sinner* with devout gratitude to God; but when numbers are converted simultaneously, or rapidly following each other, and the revival thus extends far beyond the Church, and thanksgivings to God arise from many, many Christian workers, in

which the newly saved are ready to join with their hallelujahs—though there may be some degree of irregularity, and perhaps excitement, for which no calculation has been made—yet, where is the man who will stand up and say that he has authority from God to forbid, or in any way prevent, the manifestation of this? True, this unnecessary excitement is no essential part of a revival, though it may be its outcome; neither will it destroy the character of a genuine work of God. I am not the apologist of religious excitement, but I would like at this point to suggest one or two queries. Was it ever known in the history of the Church that any great good of this kind has been accomplished apart from some degree of excitement and enthusiasm? Shall we risk the destruction of the good as well as the bad, in trying to cull out the bad from the good? Rather let it be ours to gather in the wheat, and though there should be found some tares intermingled therewith, yet the Master will discern their true character, and in due time assign to them their true position. To avoid being tedious I will present the following summary of truths touching this subject:

1. A revival state is the normal condition of the Church. Christians ought to be always ready to engage in revival work. They are not!

2. This abnormal condition of the Church renders preparation necessary.

3. That this preparation, as to time and expenditure of effort, is just in proportion to the dearth of spirituality which prevails.

4. That there are certain *times* and *occasions* which are suggestive of the propriety of revival efforts being successfully made.

5. That the preaching appropriate to such occasions is essentially similar among all denominations, irrespective of creed.

The writer heard a most eloquent sermon, which occupied more than an hour in delivery, in the Jesuit church in Montreal, by a member of the order of the "Sacred Heart of Jesus," interlarded here and there with sentences indicating superstitious confidence in the infallibility of the Church. If these sentences had been eliminated from it, it would have been equally appropriate at a Methodist camp-meeting, or at any of those services now in progress at the West End Presbyterian Church.

6. That revival services, when engaged in, should have the precedence of all others. That, if possible, concerts, lectures, social gatherings and anniversary services should for the time be postponed.

7. That great care should be taken in selecting proper persons to converse with and give directions to seekers at the penitential form or in the inquiry meeting. Very frequently those who have not the first qualification—lacking, perhaps, cleanness of character,—and another class, a goody-goody sort of people who have much religion but very little common sense, are among the very foremost to press themselves into this work.

8. Finally, whatever degree of doubt or distrust

may be expressed, or direct obstacles thrown in the way by any Sanballat who may be there, this will have the effect of intensifying the zeal of others who believe in the work ; and if the objector is treated right, viz., *left alone*, he can do little or no harm, save to himself.

REVIVALISTS.

That there is a certain class of men, laymen as well as ministers, in whom is evolved a peculiar aptitude for what is now termed "evangelistic service," probably not one here will be disposed to doubt. No person, I would think, can read the record of what took place at Kilsyth and other places in Scotland in 1839-40, in connection with the labors of R. M. McCheyne, W. C. Burns, and others like-minded, but must see peculiar adaptation for the work on their part. As to its results, there was a great degree of irregularity in church work, and also, for some time, the suspension of secular business. It was evidently felt that the business pertaining to eternity must be settled before they could go on any further with that which related to time. But then this irregularity was of small importance. There was irregularity on the part of those men who brought their sick friend and broke up the roof of the house in order to get near the Great Healer, but a few carpenters could soon repair the roof, while none but Jesus could say to the poor paralytic, "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" or, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way." There are

many in this city who remember the evangelistic labors of James Caughey, now more than a quarter of a century ago, and his peculiar adaptation to that work. It has stood the test of time. In the Methodist churches of this city to-day we often hear persons attribute their conversion to the instrumentalities of those times.

I confess to a strong prejudice, of many years' standing, against a certain class of travelling professional revivalists who appear now and then, without any authority, and generally without any character. I am thankful to say that there is, at present, but little occasion to be deceived by men of that class. There are men whose antecedents are well known, and whose praise, in consequence of their devotion and success, is in all the churches, and whose presence and labors anywhere will be a benediction. Dwight L. Moody, acknowledged by the Presbyterian Church; Dr. E. Judson, endorsed by the Baptist persuasion; Sam P. Jones, receiving his appointment from an annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, are all amenable to the courts of the Church to which they belong. In connection with several of the Methodist Conferences of this Dominion a certain class of ministers are left without any pastoral charge, and receive their appointment as Conference evangelists; they are thus at liberty to assist any pastor who may desire their aid. I cannot speak with certainty as to other Churches; I think, however, I have observed in some reports of proceedings of the Pres-

byterian Church a similar appointment. The fact, however, that an evangelist is at present engaged in one of the Presbyterian churches of the city, I take as evidence that there is no law against it, and, furthermore, I have been told you could discern but little if any difference between the doctrines there preached, and the method of conducting the after-meeting, and what you would see and hear at an ordinary Methodist revival-meeting. I think, also, that whatever evangelistic work may be done, the pastor of the church should have the entire control of the services, and, knowing that he is responsible, should feel at liberty at any time he may deem necessary to "reprove, rebuke, exhort," as the case may be.

A word as to *methods*. Looking at the history of God's ancient people, we shall see that He directed them to special means in order to maintain religion among them. On those occasions they abandoned their homes, suspended secular business, great excitement prevailed among them. Many turned from idolatry and became true worshippers of the living God. These were periodical occasions of great joy. Under the present dispensation, I do not know that God has directed us to any particular system of means—additional to Gospel preaching—to which adherence is required. Our present forms of public worship have been arrived at by degrees, and some things which we now deem important, if not absolutely essential—*singing God's praise, for instance*—when first introduced were as repugnant to our fathers as

the introduction of any innovation could now be to us. I think that an evangelist who is invited to any of our churches should have great latitude given to him, and he will generally have the good sense not to abuse that latitude. Personally, I would not like to be bound to any particular method. God honors all methods, and sometimes He honors the most the man without a method. I would gladly receive a suggestion from any source, and adopt any method, new or old, if it were better calculated to attain the end.

Before concluding, I cannot refrain from referring to those revivalists who have recently been, and some who are still, in our city. I refer to Sam P. Jones and his coadjutor, Sam Small, Mr. Schiverea and Dr. Judson. Dr. Judson I heard once. His address was on the doctrine of "Repentance"—a pretty thorough exposition of the subject. And, taking the whole service into account—singing, prayers, sermon, and after-meeting—I do not know that you would find any difference between that and a service in Elm Street Church under Dr. Potts, or one in the Metropolitan under the direction of Mr. Stafford. Schiverea I have not heard, but have no doubt whatever that he is a faithful and successful laborer in the blessed Master's vineyard. As to Sam P. Jones, a good deal of adverse criticism has been indulged. Now, it is an easy thing to criticize or find flaws in such a man; he is like no other man we have had in this city. I am not his apologist. I do not think any of the brethren named need an apologist. I will, however, ask this question:

Is there a minister in this city, or do you know of any one elsewhere, who, by his method of preaching the Gospel of Jesus, can bring together, day by day and week after week, from 4,000 to 6,000 people daily?—and in connection with whose services, in addition to all expenses, the Managing Committee have more than \$800 for distribution among the public charities of our city? If there are such, I presume it will now be in order to rise and speak.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

"Times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."—*Acts 3: 19.*

[The following appeal was prepared and published as a tract, and distributed among the pew-holders during special services. I have reason to believe that in more places than one it was instrumental in doing good work for the Lord. I preserve it here, with the hope that some one may read and be benefited thereby.]

BELOVED BRETHREN:—"TIMES OF REFRESHING"! In what does this consist? That there are times in his life, every Christian knows, when the tone of his piety is elevated above the ordinary standard. Prayer and praise become the heart's delight. Peace flows as a river. Communion with God, both private and public, is ardently sought and enjoyed. The allurements of the world lose their power. Light—pure, constant, tranquillizing—is shed on the soul. To promote the great work of salvation and thereby glorify God becomes easy and delightful. "*Times of Refreshing*" consist of such feelings pervading numbers of Christians, who, being thus aroused, the emotion will not long be confined within the Church. Admitting that this elevated tone of piety is not ordinary, ought it—might it not always be thus? Should not Christians always be prepared to engage in the work of revival? Is it so with you? Many

of you have expressed earnest desires for the revival of the work of God. Bear with me while I suggest some thoughts for self-examination. You would not willingly stand in the way, and thus take the responsibility of preventing God's work? Then I am sure you will bear with the following suggestions:—

1. *Is your own heart right?* Are there any reigning idols there? Are unhallowed passions indulged? Do you love God with all your heart, and each other with a pure heart fervently? If in the indulgence of unhallowed feeling you have injured a brother, have you made such an acknowledgment as our blessed Redeemer requires? Is not the real difficulty an *unwillingness* to humble yourself before God, and in the presence of each other? Be entreated—"do not regard iniquity in your heart." Brother, see to it that your heart is right. Look not at any lack of service, or inconsistency, on the part of others, but at your own accountability. Cast out every idol. Remove every hindrance.

2. *Do you lack holy activity?* Activity is a universal law of God's universe, especially in relation to mind. The powers of the soul are designed for ceaseless activity. No spiritual health or mental vigor will be enjoyed without it. The duties of your Christian life, the prosperity of the Church, the extension of Christ's kingdom and your advancement in personal piety, all demand of you activity. Would you be holy—would you see sinners saved? "Be instant in season and out of season"—*be active.*

Heaven itself is a scene of *holy* activity. Hell is a place of malignant activity. You are now in a world of varied and incessant activity. Shall the Church be apathetic? Shall Christians be at ease in Zion? "Awake thou that sleepest." Souls are perishing around you. Snatch these brands from the burning. Lead them to Jesus, and you "shall hide a multitude of sins." If the salvation of souls is desirable—if the commands of God are binding—then "work while it is called day."

3. *Again, is there any want of fervid zeal?* If the concerns of personal religion are so great and lofty, then our most intense devotedness to God and most fervid zeal are required. You are to be "*fervent* in Spirit." Look at the interests of Christ's cause. Can they be effectually promoted without this zeal? Do you fear the cry of "fanatic," or "enthusiast"? Look at the history of nations. All that is great and glowing and good has been produced as the result of enthusiastic attachment to a cause espoused. Zeal has sustained in spheres of suffering and trial. Zeal has inspired the hearts of martyrs, confessors, reformers and missionaries. Zeal inspired the Son of God in doing His Father's will. Christians! shrink not if need be from the accusation of enthusiasm; inasmuch as the Book of God tells you, "it is good to be zealously affected *always* in a good thing."

Brethren, still I crave your forbearance. Special efforts are being made for the salvation of souls and diffusion of the spirit of holiness. We want your co-

operation. We would not willingly dispense with the active faith, the fervid zeal, the earnest prayers of *one*. As you value your spiritual welfare, the salvation of your families, and the prosperity of the Church, *do not be a hindrance*, give us your countenance. Incur not the curse of Meroz. Remove, as far as is in your power, every obstacle, in yourself, your business transactions, your associations in the world, the church, your household, and “come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.”

BELoved FRIENDS, MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION AND PEW-HOLDERS :—Allow one, who has learned to love your souls as the purchase of the Saviour, to address you thus. You need not perish. We claim you for Christ. Special services are now in progress and by the grace of God a free, full and present salvation is offered to every soul. What a glorious truth ! *You* may be saved ! will you not embrace the opportunity and step into the pool while the waters are troubled ? You, above every other, who have been accustomed to meet with us every Sabbath, who believe (in theory) the Gospel as you hear it preached here, are the class of persons whom we anxiously desire to benefit. Shall these efforts be in vain ? God forbid ! “Come with us and we will do you good !” Again, we claim you for Christ. Be assured of this, prayer is ascending for you—how earnest and faithful, none but God can tell. Oh ! may you be willing and obedient in this the day of His power.

GOD IN THE HISTORY OF METHODISM.

CHAPTER I.

SEVERAL years ago a very excellent work was published, entitled "The Hand of God in History," by Hollis Read, M.A. In that work the author skilfully traces the hand of Providence in the history of the world and the Church of God. Many wonderful illustrations are sought out, and through that book have found a permanent record when otherwise they would have been entirely unknown. But there is one very remarkable omission. The author is unwilling to allow that that hand is at all visible in the history of John Wesley and his coadjutors. He takes no cognizance of the great revival of the last century, and ignores the very existence of those God-honored men whose names have filled the world! As well might the *millions* of souls that have been converted by this instrumentality have still been in nature's darkness, as far as affording any illustration of the Divine hand worthy the attention of the author of that book. If my memory serves me right, there is not one single reference to the Methodist Church; unless that may be regarded as one, where the conversion and subsequent call to the ministry of a Choctaw Indian boy

are spoken of. If the Indian boy was engaged, and so honorably sustained by God, in the Methodist ministry, our author is careful not to notice the fact.

With the literary character of the work, and the manner in which the author has carried out *his* design, I find no fault; doubtless he had his own ends to accomplish, but nevertheless his book will be extensively useful. I know not that he bestows undeserved praise upon any one; but when an author professes that the object of his work is an "historical illustration of the hand of God, as displayed in the extension and establishment of Christianity;" (p. 13), and when he commences with the origin of that religion, referring also to events of the most recent date—none of them unworthy of such a reference—is he not bound, the more correctly to "compass his end," to devote one chapter, at least, in his volume to a review of one of the most extensive revivals since the apostolic age? And surely we may ask, in addition to the many well-written volumes in his list of references, and the names of many zealous Christian missionaries who have gone with their lives in their hands while preaching "among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ," could not one Methodist author have been found on whose verity he could rely, or the name of one Methodist (Christian) missionary in whose call to success and preservation *in* the work is evident the "hand of God?"

I am not going to attempt at this day to supply this lack of service on the part of the Rev. Hollis Read

toward the Church of my choice ; but the more I study the polity and doctrines of the Church of Christ, as represented by Methodism, the more thoroughly am I convinced that *Methodism is of God* ; and that the providence of God is equally as obvious in the history of Methodism, as in any other part of visible Christianity, requires but little discernment to perceive. I ardently desire, therefore, to contribute my share, be it ever so small, toward pointing out the finger of God, guiding, controlling, preserving, comforting those whom He has delighted to especially honor among the servants of Methodism—the *servants of the Lord Himself*. Another reason which may be assigned, why I thus have undertaken to trace the workmanship of the Divine hand, as herein seen is, that I claim, and hope without being subjected to the charge of egotism, to be a lover of “all the giants” of the Methodist family, whether found in the original branch, rejoicing to number among its own the Bensons, the Clarkes, the Watsons, the Buntings, Newtons, Jacksons—who have passed away to their reward—or those who still live to receive honor from God, and from that people who have been blessed through their ministrations ; or that still more extensive branch of the same family, in connection with whom I find the names of Asbury, Fisk, Olin, and a host of others, who are now in their Father’s kingdom. Do we require proof that Methodism is of God, or that God is still the favorer of Methodism ? Of the first we have abundant proof among the millions of Methodists who have died during the last century ; and

without indulging the improbable supposition that every one of these is saved, yet, without fear of contradiction, it may be asserted that a "hundred and forty and four thousand," and how many more I cannot tell, have commenced their eternal song, "unto Him that loved us," for the blessings to which they were first directed through the means of Methodism. And in proof of the second—that "this God is our God still"—we need but refer to the encouraging and glorious fact, that in connection with the leading branches of our great Methodist family there are more than five millions of living Church members, many of whom can rejoice in a reconciled God, through faith in the blood of atonement; and also some ten millions more, regular attendants on its ministry. And in addition to these, there are hundreds of thousands of others who have been directed to the Father of Mercies by the same means, but who have not been associated with us in Church fellowship. And in "that day" how many among these will come to "the satisfaction of the Redeemer—the travail of His soul," not only from the more refined society of Britain and America, but from among the once besotted Hottentots of Africa, the cannibals of Fiji, the philosophic barbarians of India, the aborigines of our Western World, and nations yet unborn, to the elevation of whose condition in life, and preparation for bliss hereafter, our common Methodist Christianity is equally adapted.

Be this my apology then—if apology be needed, for

endeavoring to trace and point out the hand of God in a few of the more prominent events in the history of our beloved Zion—that I love Methodism, that the men of God whom I was taught to revere in my infancy have, in my “riper years,” when better capable of forming opinions for myself as to their character, ever commanded my esteem and respect—that I conscientiously regard it as superior to any other form of visible Christianity—that what I owe to Christianity is through Methodistic influence; and therefore, whatever I can do toward the spread of Christianity—until there is proof that God has ceased to work by it, must be through the same visible form. I care not for the opprobrium which might possibly be thrown upon me by croakers, or from any other source; neither do I court the applause nor pander to the opinions or power of others, as those would probably affirm, in common with tens of thousands more, I owe a debt; aye, a debt which all the gold of earth would fail to cancel. One thing, by God’s grace, I can do towards its discharge, and that is, never betray the trust—however insignificant it be—reposed in me by Methodism.

If the idea which seems to be involved in a sentence, found in the work on “Wesley and Methodism,” published by Isaac Taylor, Esq., be a correct one, the wisdom of man would supersede the providence of God—a doctrine doubtless utterly at variance with, and repugnant to, the best feelings of his soul. If the founder of Methodism had been possessed of that degree of skill which would have enabled him to provide for every

contingency before it arose; that is, had the wisdom of God been centred in the mind of John Wesley, then our task would have been unnecessary. Methodism would not have been, as it is, the child of providence. Mr. Taylor, in the paragraph referred to, evidently supposes that in order to sustain himself in a becoming manner, Mr. Wesley should have "possessed that sort of sagacity, which, in love to his memory, he would not attribute to him," to see down the tide of time, and prepare for the "inevitable consequence of the vast machinery he had set in motion" (p. 245)—no room for providence here. Thus while the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" speaks of the blindness of those who will not or cannot see the hand of God in raising up the "Methodistic company," he evidently forestalls the doctrine in the sentence quoted above.

If "history is but the exponent of providence," and moreover, if in every instance, as some assert—and truly too, when the peculiar exigencies of the Church, where, if at all, we find His people, in every age of the world, seem to require it, God has interposed in their behalf; then *has* the hand of God been, and still *is*, the same hand singularly manifested in the history of Methodism. A few, selected from many instances, will serve to illustrate this cheering truth.

CHAPTER II.

It is my design in the present chapter to refer to some peculiarities of Methodism, showing the hand of God in raising it up in order to furnish an exhibit of certain great principles of the New Testament. It is not supposed, in making this announcement, that Christian doctrine and Christian practice had never been correctly understood from the apostolic age until the providence of God raised up the founder of Methodism ; but it is assumed, and will readily be conceded, that a most extraordinary degree of inertness as to spiritual things had taken fast hold of the mind of Christendom, and especially did it hold undisputed possession of the Christian pastorate. It is a well-known fact, that among the few really spiritually-minded men of that age—as, for instance, the Rev. Dr. Annesley—there were those who regarded some of the most precious truths of Scripture, and not because they were of the Calvinian school in theology either, as designed for, and their cheering influence to be experienced by, only a few favored ones, and hence refrained from offering a full salvation to all. In the origin of Methodism we see the effects of a divine impulse on the souls of sinners, which constrained some—themselves first experiencing its life-giving power—to “preach the Word”; actually to cry out, in the language of the Psalmist, “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath

done for my soul." Wesleyan Methodism, we freely admit, is not the mere result of consummate skill in organization, or of *any* degree of the "wisdom of this world." After an existence of more than a century and a half, it has not attained to its present position as a consequence of forethought and peculiar management *alone* on the part of those "giants" who have directed its providential course, many of whom, I trust, will long live to retain their places of honor and esteem in this part of God's heritage. But God is in it, and because Methodism has been the medium of blessing to millions of souls, it has prospered. And, moreover, because a blessing is in it for millions more, it must still continue to flourish, to the glory of His grace.

I see the hand of God, then, in raising up Methodism to encircle the world with living witnesses to the work of the Holy Spirit. If anything is prominent in the teachings of God's Word, it is that His people are to testify to the truth. This is one leading feature, showing the providence of God in the origin of Methodism. Two illustrations of this I select:—

It is obvious *in the solely spiritual character of the Wesleyan pastorate*. Whatever may have been his prospects in life, or capability of obtaining worldly emolument or honor, as soon as he enters this door he is completely unsecularized.

The pastoral office, as set forth in the New Testament, describes a spiritually-minded man, peculiarly fitted for the work, imparting instruction in spiritual

things, and having rule over the Church of Christ, the members of which, for conscience' sake, fulfilled all righteousness, and therefore yield a willing obedience. This includes the two ideas presented in every Scripture text wherever the office of the Christian minister is referred to—(1) He is to “feed the flock of God, taking the oversight thereof.” The mode of accomplishing that work is not by the enunciation of mere human opinion, neither does taking the oversight consist in “lording it over God’s heritage”; but he is to “preach the Word”; he is to “take heed unto himself, and all the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer.” The Christian (Wesleyan) minister is not a neologist or speculator in fine-drawn philosophical theories. He *may* know what will please—what will suit the popular ear—but he dare not immolate upon this altar the office which God has given to him. While he does not willingly offend any man, he is more unwilling to compromise Christian doctrine and the moral purity of the Church. It will at once be perceived that an awful responsibility rests with the pastoral office; and this is one idea in every designation of that office in the New Testament. Responsibility—subordination to the “Chief Shepherd,” whence his power is derived—is ever connected with the exercise of authority. (2) He is to *watch* as one who must give account to God. He is a *steward*, who has received a commission, and must render up that commission unsullied again, when required, to the Master. It is not a man-made ministry,

otherwise a different standard would probably be erected. The Holy Spirit Himself has delineated the characteristics of the office; and ever since Methodism commenced its work, it has been regarded as a vital principle that in connection with the providential designation of the Church, her ministry should be moved by the Holy Ghost. Whatever he may in after life become, no one—unless the most consummate hypocrite—can enter the door of the Wesleyan pastorate but the man “who is called of God, as was Aaron.”

Neither is the church or the minister constituted such by any synodical action, act of council, or any human opinion whatever. And though we gratefully enjoy the protection which the laws of our country afford, albeit the existence of our church or pastorate depends not on such protection. Originating, as Methodism did, in the purest of motives—a desire to “spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land”—there was no arrangement of ideas on ecclesiastical government, no legal adjustments sought or required, until the hand of God showed their necessity.

I have endeavored thus briefly to state the Scriptural idea relative to the doctrine of the pastorate, believing this to be the one generally received in Methodism. Many of our opposers, who adopt a different view, tell us that among Protestant denominations we are *alone* here. Some among our true friends also profess a willingness to allow this view for the sake of a conventional arrangement, but do

not regard it as a vital New Testament principle. Now, if it be admitted that Methodism stands in this *lonely* position among Protestants, and the doctrine of the pastorate as propounded above is that authorized by the Holy Spirit, then it only the more fully proves the position assumed, viz.: that if one design of God is more obivus than any other in the origin of Methodism, it is in calling into being this so numerous living testimony to the truly spiritual nature of the pastorate office. I am aware that the raven notes of "Popery," and "Wesleyanism, the ally of Roman Catholicism," have often been heard, and even now their dismal sound, as one from the grave, reverberates on our ears, if we refer to the spiritual functions of the Wesleyan pastorate. Although the above view of the doctrine is adduced as one thoroughly Wesleyan in its character, yet it is not supposed that perfect uniformity exists among the followers of our venerable founder: and moreover, though it might be presumed, without fear of contradiction, that Methodism would pass a strong affirmative resolution as to the conservative influence of church formularies, whether they are made to consist in articles of religion, as her own confessions of faith or creeds, yet this has never been deemed of such vital importance to the continued identity of Methodism as to require its embodiment as an article of faith. The only additional remark I make on this topic is, that these are views of Scripture truth prayerfully received and conscientiously stated; and in connection with thousands

of redeemed sinners I thankfully trace the hand of God in raising up, in connection with Methodism, a truly spiritual pastorate.

The other peculiarity of Methodism to which I advert is, that in its origin we see the effects, when properly understood, of those evangelical doctrines, applicable in every age and place, and that it provides for the continued exhibition, unadulterated with the latitudinarianism of modern transcendentalists, of those common yet all-important Christian principles. If those hallowed truths, which have been the instrument of salvation to so many souls, are from above, then shall we never see the result predicted by Mr. Isaac Taylor, which after a lapse of time is to "place the works of the Rev. John Wesley on a high shelf, where they would share the fate of Calvin's Institutes at Geneva—the funeral formula being already uttered, 'dust to dust.'" With all due respect to the name of Mr. Taylor, we think it would scarcely be possible for a more strange conglomeration of ideas about Methodism to be *thrown* together, than is found in his work on "Wesley and Methodism." Let the following extracts form the basis of our observations illustrative of the providence of God in providing for a faithful exhibit of those life-giving truths of the Bible: "Wesley went on, so far beyond the necessity of the case, to rivet upon his people forever, and by aid of law, the heterogeneous mass of doctrine comprised in the many volumes of his works." "While the adaptation of Wesleyan doctrine to the religious

and to the irreligious masses of the people of England, a century ago, might easily be shown . . . will it thence follow that the very same form of doctrine, legally stereotyped as it is in Wesley's writings, and as sustained by the inflexible authority of the Court of Chancery, is now, and at this time, and not to look into futurity, equally well adapted to its intended purposes, as related to the present doctrinal position of surrounding communities? This will not follow; but, on the contrary, the *misfitting* of the twelve volumes to the times current can hardly fail to become more and more obtrusively apparent, and more oppressively inconvenient, at every interval of seven or ten years." "Since Wesley's time vast stores of genuine philological science have been accumulated on the field of biblical exposition—stores ready and available for bringing in that better harmony of sacred truth which shall gladden the coming age. How then shall it fare with Wesleyan theology, and with the Poll Deed at the dawn of that time?" (p. 214).

Throughout his work, whenever Mr. Taylor refers to any of the details of Methodism, it is somewhat difficult to understand his meaning, or know what the nature of his objections are, a difficulty perhaps partly arising out of his mystified but attractive style. One thing, however, is evident in the above extracts—Mr. Taylor labors under a grave mistake, asserted in the first sentence and continued to the last. Every Methodist student, at least, knows that it is only absurd to talk of the "*misfitting* of the twelve volumes," or

their being "legally stereotyped by the inflexible authority of the Court of Chancery." However elevated the platform may be, in his own estimation, whence the philosophical author takes his view, it is certain that his knowledge of both Methodist Theology and Polity is very limited. Four volumes of Sermons, as originally published by Mr. Wesley, and his notes on the New Testament, are all that are binding on Methodism. But if the definition which he gives of Wesleyanism, in connection with the above-noticed views, be correct, that it is the antagonist of an obsolete form of Calvinism," then would it indeed be what he terms it elsewhere, "a cramped Christianity." But if we contemplate its aggressive character, its achievements as "an invasive encampment on the field of the world," we shall at once say that it is neither "cramped" nor bound, nor can it be, especially by the "misfitting" of that which was never designed to fit.

As to those "vast stores of genuine philological science," can they not be as readily used to enforce Scripture doctrine according to Methodist views as any other? There is nothing contrary thereto in Methodist theology. We require no new Bible in order to the salvation of the world. Those old-fashioned doctrines are equally as well adapted to its wants now as when declared by Peter on the day of Pentecost, or Paul when standing upon Mars' Hill in ancient Greece. There can be no such thing as the creation of a new truth; as well might we imagine the existence of a new God. As events in the history of the Church

and the world unfold themselves, we may be furnished with additional illustrations: more conclusive arguments may be based on these, showing cause why we should receive and be governed by the truth; but truth itself, like Deity, is immutable. If repentance, if justification by faith alone, if regeneration, if holiness of heart as described by John Wesley, are of God, they ever have been and ever will be truth, and adapted to the condition of every tribe of Adam. And, moreover, if this is *the* plan provided in the wisdom of God for man's salvation, we need no other—no other would avail. And hence, every true lover of Methodism, will see no cause of alarm, but much for gratitude to God, in anticipation of "that better harmony of sacred truth which shall gladden the coming age," that ever He put it into the heart of the venerable founder of our Church to "legally" bind those holy truths upon his followers.

I feel the importance of the truths referred to; I know them to be equally important to my fellow-sinners in that coming age when proof of the harmony of all truth will become universal; and therefore I see with a grateful heart and declare the visibility of the hand of God in providing this, though not the only method, for their unadulterated preservation. Let me have the liberty to think that my children, or my children's children, will join with ten thousand more in praise to God for a faithful exhibition of those Bible truths, according to the form of Wesleyan Methodism; then I will "rejoice and be glad," notwith-

standing the contempt of men, wise in their own conceit, or the aspersions of those to whom a less desirable epithet might be applied.

CHAPTER III.

Who can thoroughly appreciate a mother's love? and when that love is matured and regulated under the genial influence of intelligent piety, how much more incomparable does it become! And when maternal affection, directed by this spirit of intelligent piety, is bestowed on one who in after life becomes an honored instrument in the hand of God, and whose chief delight is in spreading the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, how much more extensive is the circle of obligation than it otherwise would be? You may watch the ripple produced on the surface of a smooth lake, on a summer's evening, until its widening circle is lost on the distant shore; and could you imagine the infinite extension of that smooth surface, you might also imagine the infinite extension of that circle produced by the falling of a pebble on its centre. Trace we now the analogy here. Generations have praised the Lord for maternal influence on the mind and heart of the two Wesleys; and generations yet unborn will acknowledge their indebtedness to the same source. There can be nothing more beautiful or lovely in human action than influence of this kind.

It is now more than a century and three-quarters

(178 years) ago that the parsonage of Epworth was destroyed by fire. It was in the darkness of night that the flames broke forth which ere long illumined all around. Not without extreme difficulty, a child of six years was rescued from a window in an upper story. That child was John Wesley. The selection of a motto for a print commemorative of this event shows to us the view he had in more mature age, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" At the time of its occurrence his mother took a similar view, and evidently regarded it as calling on her for some special attention. "A child for whom God had so mercifully provided," she reasoned, "must have a particularly providential course to run." But then there is nothing strange in a house being burned, and some of the inmates escaping by the skin of their teeth; such things take place every dark night. Aye! but every one does not meditate on events of this kind, and act under the influence of the impression produced thereby, as did the mother of John Wesley. This is one link in that chain of providences of which his whole life was composed. God had a work for him to do.

Look we now at another interposition wherein we see the hand of God, seemingly as insignificant, but more glorious by far in its results, than the one already delineated. It occurred not on the island of Britain, nor in the forests or new-born cities of our Western home—a world in itself—but amid the hills of Judea. A star of supassing brilliancy adorns the Eastern

horizon. Sages from other lands, knowing the time and guided by "*His star*," come and fall before the child of Joseph and Mary, offering their gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh. But listen! What means yon voice of wailing? It is the mothers of Judea weeping for their children, and can have no comfort but that of mingling their sorrow, because they are not! Herod, the monster of cruelty, jealous of Him who was born the reputed "King of the Jews," and judging that he was mocked by the Oriental sages, issued an edict that all the children under two years should be slain. But too faithfully was that sentence executed. And how deeply the heart of Rachel was smitten, none but herself and her God could know. Her sorrow could but cease on earth when she would pass down to the grave, though her hopes extended beyond it. But did that virgin mother mingle her voice of lamentation with those of her sisters in Palestine for the loss of her only child, a sight of whom had already dispelled the fear of death from good old Simeon's mind, and on whose existence the hope of the world was centred? No! God had means of preservation Herod knew not of. An angel directed the family to another country. Herod died. Then out of Egypt the Lord called His Son.

And why did the mother of the Nazarene obtain for her child the interference of the "Angel of the Lord"? Because there was a work for Him to do. Herod's command had special reference to, and was designed above every other to be executed upon, Him, but God

thought not so. The "fulness of time" had come; and no human or infernal power could touch Him. The state of the world was such as had been long foretold it should be at the Messiah's advent. Thus the threats of Herod, as well as the swords of his murderous executioners, were impotent altogether when aiming their blows at the Son of God. No power could take His life until it pleased Him to "lay it down."

Though we may not fathom the providential plans of the Almighty, yet it is a doctrine we delight to believe. It cheers the soul in its darkest hours. And instances such as those above referred to are but illustrative of His dealings with mankind in general.

In reviewing the history of any remarkable movement, as affected by providential interposition, there are two considerations which cannot fail to command our attention. The first of these is, the preparation for that movement by preceding events, as it is destined to affect the Church or the world at large. The second is the discipline necessary, and which will be perceptible in the earlier memoirs of those by whose agency and in whose movements the hand of God is subsequently to become apparent. Let it be our task at present to point to some of those events.

It has been confidently asserted that the career of the Emperor Charles V. had a tendency, in an extraordinary degree, to prepare the mind of Europe for the Reformation. It has also been stated that the determination of the Elector of Saxony to resist to the utmost of his ability the political power of that most

sagacious among the popes, Leo X., induced him to afford protection to Luther, and thus foster the spirit of reform. And it is an undoubted fact, that on the part of many of those who were "persecuted for righteousness' sake," a determination to give unwonted prominence to a certain class of political opinions entered into their designs as well as the enjoyment of the rights of conscience. It is not supposed that this was an essential article in the faith of any party; but in many *individual* cases such was the fact. We shall find instances of this kind among the Huguenots of France; and no one will deny the existence of many illustrations of this thought in the history of the Puritans, who fled from the face of persecution to New England, to become, subsequently, persecutors in their turn.

Now, if we may with certainty say that the characters of those above referred to were moulded by the hand of God, and if the same unerring Providence made the opinions, both religious and political, of many others contribute to and prepare for the same great and glorious event, the Reformation, may we not with an equal degree of certainty expect to find the opinions and actions of men preceding it tending to prepare the mind, especially of England and America, for the advent of Methodism? A hasty sketch like the present will not, perhaps, admit of as much prominence being given to this part of the subject as it deserves. But as I am not engaged to give a history of Methodism, neither am I disposed to regard it as a

necessary result of certain infallible causes, but simply as a child of Providence, I may be allowed to refer to such preceding events as now occur to me, without entering on their narration, which pointed toward and prepared for that new era, brought in by the instrumentality of Methodism.

The age which produced nonconformity—I mean that peculiar cast of nonconformity by which Richard Baxter, John Howe, and their contemporaries were distinguished — had gone by when the founder of Methodism arose. But it had not been allowed in the order of Providence to pass away without leaving the impress of its hand. A powerful reaction had carried many distinguished Nonconformists back to the Established Church. Numbered among these were the parents of the Wesleys. The Rector of Epworth was one among the few clergymen of that day, in the Establishment, distinguished for piety, zeal and learning. In this return of his parents to the Established Church we may see the hand of God as leading them to educate their children in accordance with what were termed High Church principles, so that Mr. Wesley became, not only the founder of Methodism, but also instrumental in quickening the zeal of the established clergy, the effects of which are seen, even to some extent, in the present day.

But this was not the only impression left by the spirit of that age. Persecuting enactments will as essentially produce *conformity*, which with the great majority is hypocrisy, as *nonconformity*. The recon-

struction of the Star Chamber and High Commission, under the patronage of Archbishop Laud, neither of which, says Macaulay, "was a part of the old constitution of England," did not take place without producing effects of this kind. Some of the bishops of that period could boast that not a single dissenter was to be found within their diocese. What then, we may well inquire, must have been the state of personal religion at that time? Under the jurisdiction of those bishops, it is not improbable that, but a few years prior to the periods referred to, several thousands of Nonconformists would not have hesitated to profess themselves such. Let it be supposed that many had left the country: but it is more likely that a greater number had professed conformity, while still they were in secret rebellion.

We pass over the period of the civil wars, which exerted no ameliorating influence on the morals of the nation. The degradation of the people seemed to be complete when the House of Stuart was restored, and the influence of their licentiousness was still felt when the Wesleys commenced their work. Ignorance and vice generally prevailed; and in the few instances where external morality was found, there was yet a lack of high Christian motives—not being the offspring of religion in the heart. It will not be deemed as going too far to say, that in some of the more remote districts of the country the barbarism of the people was equal to that of their ancestors when under the tuition of the ancient Druids. This is not only true as it regards

those whom—if of any—we may designate members of the Established Church. It may be affirmed with equal truth of the dissenting denominations. From the time of the Revolution, in 1688—in fact, from the time of the Restoration until the “Methodistic company” began to exert their influence—religious principles were thrown aside. The Presbyterians of England, and many of those technically called Independents, became Socinians or Arians in doctrine and Atheists in practice.

Isaac Taylor, Esq. (“Wesley and Methodism,” p. 93), by the choice of a word, is singularly happy in describing the previous character and condition of those who were made better by the instrumentality of Methodism. “In the magnificent amphitheatre of Gwenap, and at other spots in the mining districts of Cornwall, the Wesleys had drawn around them thousands of the *καταχθονιοι* of that wild region. What was the intellectual and moral condition of these dwellers in the heart of the earth before the coming of Methodism among them? Is the Episcopal Church prepared to make her boast of the mining population of Cornwall, such as it had become under her care? But Methodism snatched its hundreds and its thousands out of this heathen mass.” Higher praise could not well be awarded to any visible form of Christianity than is here bestowed on Methodism. To be instrumental, when others—and, outwardly viewed, more powerful denominations—had proven themselves unable to bring those “under the earth,” “of

the infernal regions," to bow the knee to Jesus, and to confess that he "is Lord, to the glory of God the Father," is an event which even archangels would rejoice in being able to bring to pass. And to suppose that the mission of Methodism is ended, when there are yet millions who are equally degraded with those, who are to be elevated in the scale of humanity, and to accomplish which Methodism still continues to furnish her quota of means, is to suppose that God has ceased to acknowledge the workmanship of His own hand.

Another of those preceding events in which I see the providence of God in raising up Methodism is the unspiritual character of the clergy of that age. If we refer to the recorded accounts of the Established clergy, we cannot fail to acknowledge that they were utterly unworthy of the station they had assumed, and not only so, but in many instances incapable of performing aright the duties of their office. And, as before intimated, the dissenting ministry were fast verging toward what we would in the present day call *rationalism*. Let it be admitted that between the time of the Restoration of the Stuarts and the rise of Methodism many of the most intellectual and learned men were to be found among the Anglican clergy, yet in few instances did they devote themselves to the study of divinity, and where divinity was the foremost subject of study, it was generally of the Pelagian caste—revealed truth must be judged by the standard of natural theology. A dislike to spiritual

religion had become notorious on the part of those who occupied the sacred desk as teachers of the mind of Deity.

While we look at those preceding events, may we not thankfully trace the hand of God in raising up, in connection with Methodism, a spiritual pastorate which, on the one hand, avoided the Pelagian heresy, and, on the other, did not split on the rock of Antinomianism.

The second point of consideration, where the hand of God is apparent, guiding John Wesley through that necessary disciplinary course, while he is moulded by the Divine hand for the great work He designed him to perform, must be the subject of another paper.

CHAPTER IV.

TIMES of trial are usually seasons of preparation. We shall not find, on reviewing the memoirs of any remarkable men, that they have generally been placed *by birth* in that position of advantage which the possession of secular wealth or the honor of this world may bestow. Rarely are many extraordinary qualities combined in one individual, either in animate or inanimate nature. The nightingale, while capable of delighting the ear with her thrilling notes, has none of the gorgeous plumage of other branches of the feathered tribe. While the tulip may present all the colors of the rainbow to gratify the sense of seeing, it has none

of the sweetness of the unassuming violet. To look on the unhandsome countenance which confronts us in the portraits of that remarkable woman, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, we would scarcely suppose her to have possessed those mental qualifications and that attractiveness of manner which constrained many, even in the higher walks of life, while they ridiculed her religion, to yield to that personal influence which those qualities enabled her to use so well. And while thousands have been born heirs to boundless wealth and exalted station, they never had the advantage of such a disciplinary training as the mother of John Wesley bestowed on her children. But it is not only under the parental roof we are to look for that training by which he was prepared to become an eminent instrument in the hand of God in reviving His fallen Church; we shall also find it in the opposition he encountered at Oxford, his persecution in Georgia and subsequently in England, as well as the various steps by which the providence of God led him to seek after and attain to that spirituality of mind and entire consecration to His service he so ardently desired. It was not only requisite that the hand of Providence should shape the course of Mr. John Wesley: there were others, if not equally eminent, yet perhaps equally necessary, in carrying out the designs of God. Among those I need but mention the names of his brother Charles, the Rev. John Fletcher, and the Rev. George Whitefield.

Charles Wesley was every way worthy to be the brother of the founder of Methodism. Determined to

live to the glory of God, and experiencing the beneficial results of conscientiously observing all the rules of his University, even before he had attained to the possession of true religion, he could afford to smile at the "harmless name of Methodist" being applied to him. Possessing a fine poetic talent—the heirloom of his ancestry—he has given to the Church in general, and Methodism in particular, a complete portraiture of the divine life, from the germ of conviction which is implanted in the soul by the Spirit of God, to its consummation amid the glories of paradise.

I see the hand of the potter moulding the clay for a vessel unto honor, in the first place, then in that opposition encountered at Oxford, and the opprobrium thrown upon Mr. Wesley and his associates because they sought to consecrate themselves entirely to God. No sooner did the serious-minded young men agree to *do* all in their power to please God and benefit their fellow-sinners—meeting together at stated times to read, pray and meditate on divine things; visiting those who were in prison, and relieving the distressed as much as in their power—than the fame of their doings was noised abroad. It was a fame, however, which no one at that time would covet. Those to whom their acts of benevolence were extended were benefited thereby; but there can be no doubt that the greater degree of benefit resulted toward themselves, inasmuch as in the providence of God they were being disciplined—and more especially the founder of Methodism—to meet the difficulties they were to encounter

and overcome in after life. The epithets applied to their association were, in themselves, harmless, and yet sufficiently descriptive to indicate the view which those who gave the names took of their character. This we shall not fail to discover at once in such phrases as the *Godly Club*—*Supererogation men*—*Reforming Club*—*Enthusiasts*, and not the least appropriate, *Methodists*, being applied to that devoted band of young men at Oxford. Need we wonder, considering the character of the age, that the annihilation of the *Godly Club* was determined upon by some of the learned doctors and censors of the college? But God suffered it not. He who had said, "Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm," vouchsafed to the despised and persecuted Oxonians His providential protection. Sincerely desirous though they were of doing *all* His will, often were they conscious of coming far short of it, and groaned in heaviness of spirit, "while I would do good, evil is present with me." But the finger of God directed them in a path they had not known, opening a way of deliverance from the thralldom under which they groaned, of which their previous conceptions had been exceedingly dim. Nevertheless, in the order of His inscrutable providence, He deemed some additional discipline necessary, the more fully to qualify them for the work He designed them to do.

How often do we find illustrations of that important truth, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." (Isa. lv. 8.) Mr. Wesley expected, by giving instructions to the

pagans of Georgia, that he would see wherein the faith he possessed was that of the gospel. It is true, the mission he undertook was instrumental, indirectly, in bringing him into the possession of experimental religion, inasmuch as by this means his acquaintance commenced with the Moravian brethren, whose deep piety and songs of praise to God during a storm induced him to examine more seriously his own state. But it was not by means of this kind he expected to arrive at a knowledge of what was erroneous in his profession of faith. Such, however, was God's method. How cheerless must have been the reflection he penned under date of February 29th, 1738: "It is now two years and almost four months since I left my native country, in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity: but what have I learned myself in the meantime? Why (what I at least of all expected), that I who went to America to convert others was never myself converted to God."

Circumstances transpired while in Georgia which led him to place no confidence in his own judgment alone, as well as to cease from trusting his fellow-men. In the full expectation of being instrumental of much good to the pagans of that new country, he had left the land of his fathers under what he regarded as the most favorable auspices, designing to enter, with simplicity of purpose, on the great work of his mission. General Oglethorpe, the Governor of the colony, with whom he was for some time on terms of intimacy, however, seeing he could not bring Mr.

Wesley over to his method of thinking and acting, withdrew his countenance, and entered into a plot with others in order to encompass his ruin. But, in the providence of God, he was mercifully delivered out of the hands of his enemies; and those events, at the time of the most trying character, were overruled for his good; and, as observed by the Rev. Henry Moore, "though permitted by the only wise God our Saviour to be 'sifted as wheat,' and tried in the furnace of adversity, he was preserved and brought forth as gold."—*Life*, Vol. I., p. 339.

For two providential events, in connection with others, he considered he had special cause of gratitude to God; and in these we see more legibly manifested that disciplinary course by which he was prepared to be hated of all men, if necessary, for Christ's sake. Among other reasons, he had to bless God for being "carried into that strange land," he said. "Hereby I have been taught to '*beware of men.*' Hereby God has given me to know many of His servants, particularly those of the Church of Hernhuth." He here learned that he might expect to meet with opposition, even from sources he the least anticipated so far as outward indications of approval would lead to the formation of a contrary opinion, if he conscientiously performed the duties incumbent upon him; and also that there was a higher state of Christian experience to which he had not attained. To the attainment of this character he determined to bend all his energies, and deem no sacrifice too great if that might be his

happy privilege. Did he attain it—and how? We shall see the hand of God in this, as in other instances, directing the steps of His servant until he was able to rejoice in the full salvation of the gospel, of which a sure trust and confidence in the merits of Christ, with a renunciation of every other refuge, is the medium or great instrumental cause. This was not obtained without a struggle.

On the evening of Wednesday, May 24th, 1738, Mr. John Wesley, as a sincere inquirer after truth, listened to the reading of Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. During the same evening, while he heard described the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, he obtained that which he had long desired above every other gift—the testimony of the Spirit to present pardon and adoption into the spiritual family of God. He failed not to make it known to those who were present—chiefly Germans, of the Moravian Church. On that occasion, as he himself records, God sent Peter Bohler to meet him in London, who was mainly instrumental in giving him instruction on this all-important subject. From that time he ceased not at every opportunity to offer salvation by faith to all within his reach.

Another feature which cannot fail to strike the attention of the careful reader of Mr. Wesley's Journal, and which contributed in no small degree toward the completion of that disciplinary course through which the hand of God was leading him, was, that in what-

ever church he was permitted to preach after his return from Georgia, he regarded it as a sacred duty to insist upon this doctrine of justification by faith alone, and its fruits being manifested in the life—a truth too hard to be borne at that time—and therefore the conclusion of the record generally is of the information which was conveyed to him in consequence: "Sir, you must preach here no more." In this manner was he prepared—contrary to the strongest prejudice, because he felt "wce is me if I preach not the gospel," which he very reluctantly did, shortly after, on the invitation of Whitefield—to preach in the fields or by the wayside, in some cases even to tens of thousands of hearers, and thus fan the flame which God had kindled for His own glory, and which was destined never to be extinguished. He declares, with singular honesty, respecting the course his friend had commenced, that he had been "all his life—till very lately—so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church." Can we suppose that any other motive than the love of Christ constraining them to seek the wandering souls of sinners would have influenced them thus? And we also are to remember that the providence of God was directing their steps, by which they were to be still continued in that course of training and prepared for a greater work. "The men," says Mr. Isaac Taylor, "who commenced and achieved this arduous service were scholars and

gentlemen;" yet they suffered themselves to become vile in the estimation of their fellow-men, and most effectually closed the way to promotion in the establishment of which they were members. "Ten thousand," says the author already quoted, "might more easily be found who would confront a battery, than two who, with the sensitiveness of education about them, could mount a table by the roadside give out a psalm, and gather a mob." In this matter, however, was he trained to brave the madness of an infuriated mob—goaded to that state of madness too often by men whose office it was to soothe the passions as well as preserve the peace of the community—whose welfare he sought only to promote, and who with one breath would threaten to take his life, and the next announce their readiness to spill the last drop of their blood for his sake.

Such are some of the seasons of preparation through which the providence of God conducted the founder of Methodism and his co-laborers. I am aware that other motives than those of a Christian character were, and, by a few who know not to make a sacrifice for the benefit of others, still are attributed to him, as well as those men of God who continue to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the world after the same form of Wesleyan Methodism. But such is properly the work of the father of lies. Rather would I be doomed to wander a vagabond over the face of the earth, than even *believe*, much less promulgate the falsehood, that the venerable founder of Methodism

was inspired only by ambition unsanctified—a death-diffusing, soul-destroying passion—while he suffered his name to be cast out as evil, and become a by-word and reproach among his countrymen, so that he might win souls to Christ! Rather would I that this right hand should become paralyzed, and never again be nerved to hold a pen or trace a line, than that it should be employed to throw a gloom over the *mind of Methodism*, by diffusing the equally obvious falsehood that the amiable Rev. Dr. Hannah, for instance, to whose naturally meek and quiet spirit the grace of God gave peculiar lustre—who, in the earlier years of his ministry, while under my paternal roof, many a time and often invoked the blessing of the Triune God to rest upon my infant head—or that a Bascom, or a Hedding, or a Janes, or a Kavanaugh, who have all met in their Father's kingdom, or those who have been or still are co-workers with any or either of them, are *gloomy tyrants*, whose only object is to aggrandize themselves at the expense of their fellow-laborers—yea, even at the expense of their own souls' eternal well-being!

CHAPTER V.

THE mission of Methodism is that of Christianity itself. And if we believe the word of God, that "every valley shall be exalted, and the mountains and hills be made low," then Methodism will not have accomplished its mission until there shall no longer be any

need of evangelical truth being further spread, and the diversity of names by which the disciples of Emmanuel are known shall be lost in the common name of *Christian*. And what so apposite? However grateful we may be to the God of providence for raising up a Wesley, a Luther, a Knox, and a host of others, leaders of His saints; and however tenaciously their several followers may cling to that peculiar form of Christianity of which each was the first, principal promulgator, not one will say but that the common appellation of Christian is more appropriate than any other, and will be known when every distinction of saint and sinner shall cease to be.

With a genius less conservative of its own continued existence than is that of Methodism, other organizations have been instrumental in accomplishing great good for mankind for several consecutive centuries. Are we then to look for those indications which intimate to us the end of its mission even before two centuries have been allowed for its existence? True, this might be the case were the Gospel universally diffused. But then we are reminded that much remains still to be done. And another fact in the history of God's Church which cannot fail to cheer and animate is, that similar predictions were uttered by those who envied the spread of that last dispensation, of which divine model, we conscientiously believe the Church of our choice to be the nearest representative in modern times. This is equally true of the doctrines taught, as well as of those God-chosen messengers, the teachers of those

doctrines. Who but one possessing the wisdom of God would have seen in those rude materials—the fishermen of Galilee—that instrumentality so appropriate to His purpose—the building and consolidating a Church against which the gates of hell should not prevail? The very rudeness of the material proves that the “excellency of the power is of God and not of man.” Some are fishermen, one is a tent-maker, and another a tax-gatherer. Can we, think you, trace any analogy between those ministers—eminent, yea, inspired *divines*, as all will readily admit they were—together with the effects produced, and the instrumentality chosen of God to build up and consolidate a portion of His Church in this latter time, as seen in the history of Methodism?

The particular point to which I would refer at present is the difference in the character and condition of that agency chosen of God to accomplish His purposes in His Church, and the agency chosen by men to accomplish their purposes in the world.

What is the character of that man who is regarded as the most skilful diplomatist, or wisest politician? the most successful general? or the man who amasses the largest amount of the world's wealth?

As a politician, perhaps Talleyrand was one of the greatest men of his own or any other age, if to be great is to accomplish the end a man may have in view, by any means. No other man was able to cope with him. But he has left a character stamped with infamy. One of his maxims was—and his practice

was founded upon it—that *truth* was not to be regarded any longer than it answered his purposes. He clothed falsehood with a stereotyped authority, and gave a new era to its existence. Now, the nearer any man approaches to the character of Talleyrand the nearer will he be to perfection as a politician, if his were the only course to arrive at that state. But is it not a better way to be guided by the great principle of truth and honesty? And will not truth—the truth of God—ultimately triumph over every foe? Now, would the God of holiness have chosen such an instrumentality to bring about his purposes? We shall see.

Another celebrated politician, Sir Robert Walpole, while Premier of England, estimated moral principle not more highly among those with whom he had to do, when he said, "Every man has his own price." And in how many thousands of instances has the motto been verified since? though not in every place where it has been plied even most vigorously. I declare I cannot but feel indignant when I hear a gloating, wine-bibbling, licentious politician prate about religion and the Church of Christ, and then refer to a "first-rate good fellow," because he has attained to the Talleyrandic order, and can tell falsehood after falsehood and protest, with as much assurance and solemnity as if he stood before the bar of God, that he is speaking the truth. "Their Rock is not our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges" (Deut. xxxii. 31).

What is the character of those men the mention of whose names has caused a nation's heart to thrill with

joy? upon whose brow a nation's laurels have been placed by the admiring million? and by whose memorials ambitious youths are lured onward to seek a hero's laurels or a hero's grave? I have followed, in imagination, many of the chieftains of the earth, and none with livelier interest than those who still defend "the flag that's braved a thousand years," till every nerve has trembled with a strange delight; but my soul is humbled before the God of Britain when I trace the character and career of many whose services and worth entitle them to wear my country's wreath of fame. And who will say that her sons have not been less cruel, while engaged in what the world calls honorable warfare, than those of other lands? I desire not to speak of what may be known of their private life or character, but their track from nation to nation while leading on victorious armies has been slippery with human gore, and tingling in a nation's ears may still be heard the wail of souls—*lost*—whose everlasting doom is fixed.

Think you, is the mission of Methodism of less importance to the world than that of an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, or a Wellington? I trow not! Then, permit me to ask, will the God of Methodism, who cut short the career of him whose aim, doubtless, was universal empire, by the agency of • Britain's Wellington, be less careful to preserve it in vigorous exercise, while thousands of immortal souls yearly by her agency are brought to a saving knowledge of the Crucified? But let us look more closely at the instrumentality thus honored of God.

It has been asserted, "That when heaven sends its own chosen men to bring about needed reformatations, at the cost of a momentary anarchy, it does not give any such commission as this to those who by temper are anarchists. The anarchist is not to be trusted in any good work, for, as he acknowledges no rule but that of his own capricious arrogance, it is not he who will bring home fruit for the general good." 'This is eminently true of the instrumentality by which the principles of Wesleyan Methodism have been carried out, as its history abundantly proves. In no instance has any one "who by temper" was an "anarchist" continued long in this "good work." "His own capricious arrogance" has never allowed him to "bring home [much] fruit for the general good." But if this be true respecting the instrumentality in general, with how much stronger evidence of its truth may it be affirmed of the venerable founder of Methodism, and those who were co-workers with him! Innovation there was; and such is the plastic nature or adaptive character of the Wesleyan system to the circumstances of those whose ills, both temporal and spiritual, it seeks to remedy, that innovation must still continue. And if a temporary anarchy be introduced, it is anarchy which is caused by the introduction of good into the midst of evil, by which the evil is soon destroyed, and for which many will bless God to all eternity.

It is acknowledged by the author who has been more than once referred to in these papers already—Isaac Taylor, Esq.,—that "no mind and heart that has

ever attracted the eyes of mankind is more thoroughly transparent than Wesley's," p. 86. Singularly paradoxical is such a statement when placed in contrast with others from the same pen; and yet it is singularly true, and such is ever the agency chosen of God to accomplish His purpose—a transparent soul allied to energetic action has never failed when thus employed. The very fact that opinions, principles, actions, are attributed to him and his followers, directly adverse in their nature and effects, the tendency of which in each case would be to destroy the other, is proof of the ignorance and consequent incompetency of those who thus affirm of our opinions and principles of action. But forsooth, because a man who never even thinks aright of his Maker and Preserver is governed by the *un*-principle of expediency, he must necessarily suppose that the most distinguished leaders of God's sacramental host are under a similar influence!

Time and space would fail me on the present occasion to refer to individual instances illustrating the proposition laid down in the commencement of this chapter. These are familiar to all who are even but slightly acquainted with the memorials of Methodism. It matters not whether we find those illustrations among the immediate coadjutors of John Wesley or elsewhere: they are equally applicable, and I will add, equally owned of God. Many of those illustrations I had selected, and they still crowd upon my mind. I only say at this time that we have no lack of them in the rise and progress of Methodism in our own beloved and rapidly advancing Province.

I have a very vivid recollection, now many years ago, of hearing in Conference, in the city of Kingston, the venerable and Rev. William Case declare how God had sustained him when, forty-seven years before, he became a young evangelist to preach the Crucified; and how during his pilgrimage of nearly half a century the Lord alone did lead him, and suffered no strange god to come nigh him. From my soul I pity the man who could stand unmoved and hear that aged servant of the Most High narrate the dealings of God with him, the manner in which His providential hand had pointed out a sure path of duty and of comfort, his trust, unshaken still, in his Redeemer's blood, his determination to vigorously do the work of God, and his unwavering attachment to the Church of his early choice.

CHAPTER VI.

WILL the reader who has come with me hitherto still accompany me while we contemplate some of the peculiar characteristics of that agency which the Lord our God has employed, and in whose career His hand is clearly seen, while advancing the interests of that Church which, by their instrumentality, He has delighted to honor and bless. Methodism has obtained a special character, viewing it in various aspects. Not only may we see that specialty of character from the great variety, though none of them unscriptural, of its means of grace, but even from the inconsistencies and

unreasonable conduct of its early persecutors. Perhaps to contemplate the hand of God in its early history, as presented in this aspect, would bring to our notice the meekness and yet the firmness of that special agency, which would show at once, and clearly, the character of the Christian hero. But we would rather at this time look at that special instrumentality acting conjointly, though not in concert, but guided by the same unerring Providence toward the same point. Each of these special men had his own sphere of action. For this he seems to have been peculiarly fitted, and to this, however unconscious of it, he seems to have bent all his energies; and here do we see the beauty of the work wrought by that overruling hand which "doeth all things well."

John Wesley, as an ecclesiastical legislator, first claims our attention. If we are disposed to regard him as one of the greatest men, if not absolutely the greatest, in this point of view, during the present era—the opinion of Mr. Isaac Taylor notwithstanding—are there not thousands, not of our own community even, who will agree with us in this? And yet there was on his part no eagerness for legislative action, but rather a guarding against it, and a constant waiting for providential indications. His plans embraced no design for an entirely distinct course of action, separate from the existing national Church, and yet almost every public act of his life seemed to be like an additional step in that direction. Conversing with an aged Methodist lady, a few days ago, on these subjects, she

proposed to me the following question: "Do you not think, sir, that the old gentleman (Mr. Wesley) sadly missed his way in not providing, at the very first, a book of discipline, by which all parties would have understood their duties and privileges, and consequently many of those disputes avoided?" My reply to her was in substance as follows: "*I am not prepared to say that such a man as Mr. Wesley missed his way at any time, because, in the first place, it would be in effect saying that I am a wiser man than he was, and therefore would have pursued a more judicious course under similar circumstances—an assertion the truth of which no person would be disposed to admit, and the folly of its source every one would see; and, in the second place, I cannot learn from any part of his works that he designed the establishment of a new and independent Church, whatever results he possibly foresaw would take place; and, moreover, if we regard Methodism as a creature of Providence placed on the eminence, not sought after, which she now occupies among the Churches of Christendom, by the Divine hand, for special purposes, both her special *men* as well special *measures* have been such *only* as the circumstances in which she has been placed have required. Whether it would be better in her present position and relation to the establishment for the parent to pursue the same course as the child, and adopt a simple yet comprehensive code of laws, I leave for older and wiser heads than mine to determine.*"

This one assertion I will venture, believing that an

examination of the history of Methodism will prove its truth to every candid inquirer, that there is not a more perfect and beautiful representation of the wheels of Providence (see Ezekiel i. 15, etc.) severally rising and working each in its place, just when required, than is seen in the various measures and institutions of Methodism. It was the province of Mr. Wesley to construct and establish the economy of the Church which he was the honored instrument in founding; and when the circumstances of the "united societies" required any new feature, or an addition of strength to the construction then being providentially moulded, his correct knowledge of New Testament principles, connected with his fertility of mind, never failed to bring that forth which was expressly adapted to their wants. I believe that I am safe in declaring that here Methodism is unique—nothing was designed before it was required and the hand of God pointed out its necessity. Had our venerable founder been exceedingly anxious to display his legislative ability, or gratify his ambition at any expense, doubtless he would have prepared and presented to the world an ecclesiastical constitution for the approval and future guidance of all who might deem it a privilege to be united with him in Church fellowship. But his wisdom allowed not such a course.

While his elder brother was thus using his legislative ability, as well as declaring the stern truths of the Bible to ungodly multitudes, Charles Wesley was throwing the soothing, mellowing, cheering influences

of poetry around, which, like oil upon the troubled waters, tended to allay unholy strife and unite all hearts in songs of praise to God; and while he thus exercised the gift which God had bestowed, he also embodied those scriptural truths, holy, spiritual, saving, which, while one or the other proclaimed, tens of thousands gladly listened and were blessed. How much his brother John owed to the milder, ameliorating influences of Charles Wesley's poetic soul, who can tell? and how much Methodism owes to him for furnishing its future millions with sacred songs of surpassing beauty, tuned to every heart in every state, none can tell. This, doubtless, was his providential sphere.

In any review of the providential work of those who were coadjutors with the venerable Wesley, the name of George Whitefield, the prince of pulpit orators, must claim a prominent place. Early Methodism was probably indebted to Whitefield, above every other agency, for calling forth popular sympathy in its behalf, by his all-prevailing eloquence. And the influence which time has shown the rise and progress of Methodism was to exert in other branches of the Church, was owing more to the course pursued by Whitefield than any other contemporaneous agency. I have seen the opinion stated somewhere that all his thoughts and ideas on doctrines and scripture truths were sentiments, and therefore became passions of his mind. And who can doubt but that to his keen sensibilities, next to the "demonstration of the Spirit," is to be

attributed the wonderful power of his eloquence. It was the eloquence of feeling. He was in earnest. May we not then see and acknowledge the hand of God in the career of this holy man, while directing him among a class of people who, so far as human judgment is correct, we may opine, would not have been profited by the ministration of those who held the doctrines peculiar to Wesleyan Methodism? inasmuch as they would not have been brought under its influence. We could not probably decide at the present day how much the faithful, energetic appeals of Whitefield had to do in producing a continuance of those faithful warnings up to this time, even among the Calvinistic, dissenting churches, both in England and America.

The character and career of others still remain for our review at a future time; but what has already been advanced furnishes proof of the contrast we proposed to show in a preceding number, viz.: the difference between the agency employed by man for his work, and that chosen of God to accomplish His purposes. In the one we see the principal features are dissimulation and self-seeking; in the other, purity of motive and self-sacrifice. Need we wonder, in view of these men whose character will bear the closest investigation, and others who are yet to pass before us, that the Rev. Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh, should declare that "Wesleyan Methodism is one of the grandest developments of Christianity during the last century."

CHAPTER VII.

THE Rev. John Scott, at one time President of the English Conference, in an official sermon preached before that venerable body, from Isaiah lxi. 1-3, showing, "That the ordinary progress of religion is from very inconsiderable and unpromising beginnings to very remarkable and striking issues," said: "By a plain, forcible and faithful exhibition of that truth which Christ gave to His apostles, to men of every state of information and of no information, moral and immoral, civilized and brutal, Methodism has sought to reproduce the moral transformations of apostolic times; and it has succeeded. Go into its existing societies, and ascertain the personal history of its members; examine the biographies of nearly a hundred years, and you will see of what rude material many of its holiest, its most useful men, and most distinguished ornaments, have been made. When they came into the hands of the divine Saviour the change was visible and rapid: He made the earthen vessels fit, then put His treasure into them, and thus demonstrated that 'the excellency of the power' which wrought the transformation was all His own. . . . See John Wesley going forth to preach his first sermon. The people were impressed and converted to God. He preached on,—everywhere converts were multiplied. Other men received his truth and began to preach it. By their ministrations also men were con-

verted—God who had ‘called him’ ‘blessed him and increased him.’ The multiplication of converts run on, until now, besides the thousands that have reached the world above, and the multitude in other churches who have received from Methodism, directly or indirectly, a larger or smaller amount of spiritual good, they are found in all countries, and most towns, and even villages of the land, and in all the great divisions of the globe. ‘The little one has become a thousand, and the small one a great multitude.’” But not only did the Lord our God raise up a succession of successful *preachers* of the Gospel; in connection with them some were also set for the defence of the truth. Just at the time Methodism rose, antinomian theology became rampant; and in order to check its progress, the hand of Providence raised up that devoted man of God, the Rev. John Fletcher. And while he gave evidence of the deepest piety, evinced no less his logical acumen in fulfilling one essential part of his mission—the defence of God’s truth. Few men who have been engaged in religious controversy ever showed so much of the spirit of his Divine Master as Mr. Fletcher. No man could have more clearly set forth the truth which he believed to be of God, or defend it with greater firmness or more of the meekness of wisdom. But we would also recognize Mr. Fletcher as raised up to produce a classical standard of Methodist literature. And here it will be no disparagement to either of them to class with him one who has passed away to his reward within the

recollection of those who, like myself, are still the young men of Methodism—the Rev. Richard Watson. Often has my breast throbbed with a strange emotion while I have read the calm, yet glowing, eloquent appeals and descriptions which have emanated from his powerful intellect. Often have I thought of the inestimable privilege of those who have enjoyed his personal ministry, and caught even but occasional sparks of that living fire while it was thrown off fresh from his own warm heart. Whatever narrow-sighted man may have thought or said, these are the men whom God has delighted to honor.

Among the leaders of our Methodistic Christianity must be classed our two commentators, Joseph Benson and Dr. Adam Clarke. Both of these contributed no small share toward the erection of a firm bulwark upon an immovable Scripture basis, around that system to which they were faithful adherents. While the one was distinguished as one of the best practical expositors of the Word of God, and produced a work which should find a place in every Methodist family, the other is no less distinguished for critical accuracy and profound biblical learning, whose society was courted by the first scholars of Europe, and who was equally at home in the cottage of the peasant, offering spiritual consolation to the afflicted or counsel to the unwary. Since these were called from labor to reward and rest, God has raised up a host in the old world and on this continent, whose cultured intellects have called for the respect and admiration of the most profound

scholars in every land. I mention only the name of Dr. Whedon as a type of many more.

The name of Dr. Thomas Coke we cannot pass by. While his brethren were engaged in spreading the knowledge of practical religion to the remotest hamlets of their native land, he was devising plans whereby the Saviour of sinners should be proclaimed, after this form, to those nations which were still more destitute. Not only may he be regarded as the founder of Methodist missions, but also as giving, by his zeal, a renewed impulse to the modern missionary enterprise in general. We see him expending his own personal property for the good of the heathen world, and when this would not suffice, begging from door to door in order to procure the required aid in sending the messengers of light and salvation throughout the earth. And, in addition to this, he willingly sacrifices the comforts of home and society of friends, while repeatedly he braves the dangers attendant on crossing the great deep, and ultimately finds a grave beneath the ocean wave, until the time shall come when the sea shall give up her dead. I am sure I shall be indulged if I confidently assert that his glorified spirit looks down, and the bliss which he knows and feels is enhanced, while he sees that society of which he was the founder belting the world with a halo of pure Gospel light, which shall not cease to spread until the chorus shall arise from every land and be sung by every tongue, "Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

There is no man whose character and career will

furnish a more striking illustration of our position than that of Francis Asbury. And yet we look in vain for any acknowledgment of the services he performed—services equally laborious, and of vastly greater importance than any military or political leader—or even the mention of his name by any popular historian of the United States. But the time will come when posterity will acknowledge its indebtedness to him, and justice be done to his memory. Asbury seems to have been specially fitted by the hand of Providence for the work assigned him in this new country. He was not what is called a *genius*, but he possessed qualifications far superior to this. Though he had none of that splendor of intellect which would dazzle, or be supremely attractive, yet he had those peculiar dispositions—that morally sublime motive, connected with that indomitable perseverance, which ever prevented him from being discouraged, and would have made him great in any sphere of action. In the whole history of the Church of Christ we could find no better model of a Christian bishop than the noble man to whom we now refer. Impelled by a zeal which was the “pure flame of love” to leave his own country and friends, knowingly to encounter perils both by sea and land, and if these were escaped, to endure privations and hardships which would have sunk at once a common spirit, for forty and five years he did not cease to thread the mazes of the American wilderness, now finding a resting place for a night in the log-cabin of the new settler, and then beneath the “leaves of the greenwood bower.”

His labors were not confined to the Atlantic cities or older settlements of the new continent, where he would have met with those comforts he had enjoyed at the parental home in the land of his birth ; but there was no part of the work which did not equally claim his personal superintendence. He was "in labors more abundant" than even Wesley himself. How much Methodism on the continent of North America is indebted to him, we cannot now determine. We may in some degree know and feel how cheering the success was, as the result of those labors, when we reflect that on his arrival there were only six hundred members, but ere he ceased to labor there were no less than two hundred and twelve thousand enjoying the blessings of Christian fellowship. The name of Asbury must ever be remembered with peculiar delight, whenever we refer to the history of Methodism on this continent. Doubtless before this many of the blood-washed throng have recognized him as the instrument of their conversion, when they have met before our Heavenly Father's throne.

These were foremost among the leaders in our Zion. Upon each of them the Lord our God set His special mark. To each of them was given singular qualifications and assigned singular duties. Each fulfilled his vocation, and is gone to his reward. The selection of these names implies no invidious distinction. There were others, if not equally prominent, yet strongly marked with peculiar characteristics, which justifies us in the belief that they were pointed out by the hand of God as "vessels unto honor," though subordinate to those already named.

There was one venerable minister who passed to his reward but a few years ago, who was called into the ministry by the founder of Methodism. I shall be indulged while I mention the name of John Hickling, who, though "in age and feebleness extreme," being over ninety years old, took part in the proceedings of the British Conference. God preserved him to bear his testimony—which he did not fail to do—to the identity of principle in the Methodism of John Wesley and the Methodism of the present. May we who follow tread in the footsteps and emulate the zeal of those who have gone before.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOD IN METHODIST UNION.

REFERRING to the hand of God in Methodism, I could not pass without notice recent events in our own Dominion. It may be considered, probably, that those events are not sufficiently developed to trace, as clearly as may be done hereafter, the guiding hand of Providence. This I as firmly believe as any one else can. There are, however, certain facts I will very briefly state, and which I think the most sceptical must acknowledge God has had something to do with. In doing this I shall not go beyond the period of my own recollection, nor travel outside the circle of my own knowledge.

Fifty years ago there were at least six or eight differ-

ent branches of Methodism in this Dominion. Feeble Churches were raised in opposition to each other, and in not a few cases were apparently languishing and ready to die. But yet they continued to live, and, as we may hope, each accomplished some good in certain spheres which the other bodies would not have reached. Some of those bodies maintained an active, aggressive warfare on the field of the enemy. Periodically, wonderful waves of revival passed over the country, and many souls were saved. Occasionally, Churches in the same community mutually agreed to help each other, and often were driven farther apart when they came to divide the spoils.

As a consequence of this divided state, many Church interests were but scantily sustained. The interests of higher education, the missionary work, and the ministry in general in several of those branches, were but feebly supported.

Union was sometimes talked about. One of the first accomplished was that of the English and Canadian Methodist Conferences, in 1833. That union was dissolved seven years after, followed by seven more years of misunderstandings and heart-burnings, and again entered upon, everyone believed, on a firmer basis, in 1847.

Without trying to bridge over the intervening years, I will come at once to the first General Conference, which met in Belleville in the year 1883. To my mind that convocation presented one of the most impressive and grandest scenes over which the angels

of God have ever rejoiced. No one man can ever tell of the anxieties, the prayers and faith, the labors, and the hopes and fears, which had brought Methodism to this point. Here were several hundreds, ministers and laymen in equal numbers, none of them "mere beardless philosophers," who were gathered from Newfoundland, on the Atlantic, to Vancouver, on the Pacific, having but one object before them, viz., to consider the subject of union of the different branches of Methodism, all of which were offshoots from the same root. Take a glance at them. They are of various nationalities. They are of different degrees of culture. Among the laymen there are judges and barristers, which is sufficient proof of their erudition. There are also educationists and legislators, as well as physicians, merchants, and agriculturists. The great majority of ministers had spent from twenty-five to forty or more years in the Master's work, and were not likely to be carried away by sentiment alone. Further, their training and habits of life and thought were different. Their political opinions were different. Their occupations were different. Some had become wealthy by their own industry; others, perchance, were still struggling with poverty. But on this one point, from the first, there was manifest unity—they were *all* true worshippers of the same God, and lovers of the same Jesus, as well as the Church whose name they bore. Marvellous was it to look upon those men, and listen to their earnest prayers, and the same hearty songs of praise which all had learned to sing alike, though

many had never met before! Under these circumstances it was no wonder that the anticipated union was happily consummated; and now there is but one Methodist Church throughout this wide Dominion, from ocean to ocean!

Is there a providence in this? or have we still to wait to find the hand of God therein. True, some prophets of evil prophesied nothing but disaster. However, during the first year of the union, God gave the seal, by not only preserving it intact, but also adding to the Church twenty thousand souls, and wonderfully increasing the missionary income.

A few sentences relating to the College Federation scheme and the Endowment Fund of Victoria College will conclude this paper. That this is a most essential matter few, if any, true lovers of Methodism will deny. In these days of intellectual culture there are ladies' colleges, musical conservatories, etc., and certainly more important must be a well-equipped institution for the training of our sons, where, with secular training, they may be taught as well to love the Church of their fathers. I hope to live to see the turrets of Victoria University towering as gracefully as those of any other in the Queen's Park of our beautiful city of Toronto, and boys of my own faithful and honored students in her halls, under the direction of the revered and venerable Principal, Nelles, who has already done so much for the young men of Ontario.

INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT THE
SECRET OF POWER.

“**P**OWER belongeth unto God,” says David (Psalm lxii : 11). Every manifestation of power, whether physical, intellectual, or moral, will call forth the attention of thoughtful observers; and in proportion as our observings lead us to the true source of power, shall we be filled with wonder and admiration. We more admire intellectual than we do physical power; but moral power—the power of goodness, the influence of love, perhaps, we may call it—far transcends any other examples. Plato, the old Grecian philosopher, is credited with the statement, “That the sublimest spectacle in the universe is that of a virtuous man invincibly struggling against overwhelming evils.” Good for the heathen! But to us who believe in the doctrine of immortality, and who see in that struggle and victory results which will never end, that spectacle presents a far sublimer scene! Still, looking at character, what is there in all this universe comparable in power to the moral beauty displayed in the character of Jesus? Men talk disbelievingly of His doctrines, and try to explain away the reality of His miracles, but acknow-



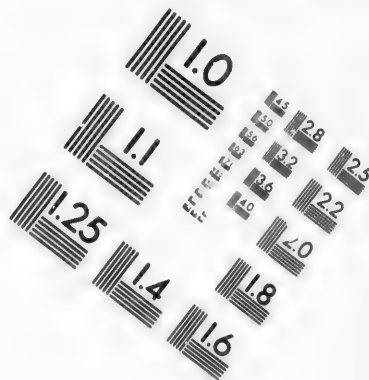
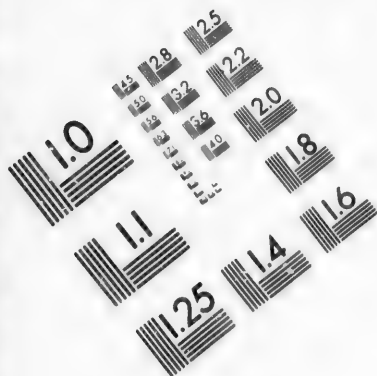
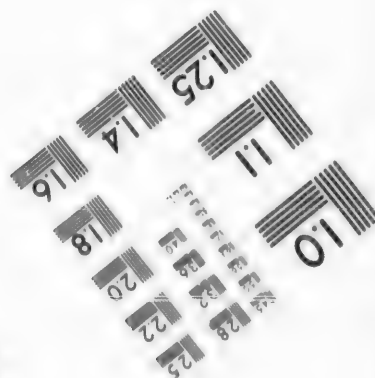
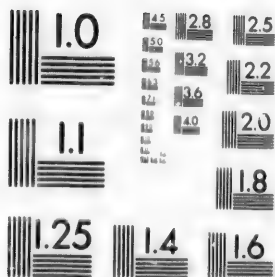


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ledge, with words expressive of adoring wonder, the divine power of His character.

But we speak of the *secret* of power. Is there, however, any secret among godly people in the possession of this power? I know of none which is not equally within the reach of all. That there are times in a minister's life—in the life of every Christian worker—when they have wonderful power over their fellow-men; as, also, when that power has been lacking,—are matters of consciousness to all and of observation to all. But the cause of this is not always as obvious. It may be better understood by the speaker himself. The subject upon which he speaks, the manner of dealing with it, the state of mind, the position and surroundings, the atmosphere, the health, the personal presence, the look, the age, and especially the temperament, of the individual speaker,—all will have very much to do with the *results* of any public address.

The *inspiration* referred to in our title comes not always in spite of circumstances adverse to His influence; but the inspiring Spirit will doubtless use *all* legitimate circumstances favorable to the efficient display of His power. The *love of the Spirit*, seldom referred to in public addresses, will never fail to prompt Him to come to the rescue, and, other things being equal, constrain Him to use those circumstances for the good of man and the glory of the Master. It is well understood that there are times when communities, and even nations, seem to be charged with

sympathy for or prejudice against a sentiment, an act, or an individual. The name of such a one becomes a synonym of power, and the presence of such a one in the community is the centre of a grand rallying point. Then their utterances of necessity become utterances of power!

But the power we have to discuss at present is not of this nature, though it will necessarily have to do with the same favoring or opposing *influences, facts, agencies, and surroundings*. Sometimes this power is triumphant when all circumstances seem to be adverse. Men have gone to oppose, to prevent, to retard, but have been constrained to yield to this influence, and have remained to help on, to defend, to pray and praise! All of us—ministers and workers in the Master's vineyard in any capacity—desire to know more about this power, about the secret of possessing and using it. What is it? How is it obtained? How or what is the mode of its operation? Without undervaluing any other preparations or course of training, what I specially wish to enforce is this, that the true secret of power is communion with God, and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit directing and controlling the mind and heart for one purpose. Whatever degree of intellectual greatness and mental culture there may be, any effort will be powerless for good if not made depending upon that same inspiration. This, I think, we shall see as we proceed in the discussion of our theme.

1. Whatever may be the position any man may

occupy as a teacher in the Church of God, let this be the first consideration, *that he is in that place as a matter of necessity.* Paul said, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." Doubtless a clear and deep conviction of his responsibility should be the motive power of every teacher in the Church of God. If he has any doubt on this matter, that necessary inspiration of the Holy Spirit will seldom or ever be attained; and he will not only be miserable himself, but all but a useless appendage in the Church and the office he may occupy. A man whose heart is imbued with divine love looks around him and sees many sinners without God and without hope; he reads in the gospel, "these shall go away into everlasting punishment;" he asks himself, Can this be averted, can *I* do anything to direct them to another course? A tremendous feeling of responsibility takes hold of his mind and heart. He cannot rest. He knows he has the truth in his own heart which will avert this dire calamity. He looks to God. The Spirit inspires him to tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love. Under the influence of this responsibility he tells the story. The power of God comes down, and he feels the glow of that power as never before since Jesus first revealed Himself to his heart. This conviction of responsibility will ever in itself be a marvellous power. Every man who delivers a message should know as certainly as did Isaiah, Jonah, Ezekiel or Paul, that he has a message from God to those before whom he stands. With this conviction he will not seek another to perform that duty, nor to

avoid that duty in any way whatever. When the Word of the Lord is as a fire within him he will gladly go and proclaim it. An aged minister's wife once remonstrated with her husband when she found him after midnight pleading with God. "Woman," said he, "I have three thousand souls to *answer* for, and I don't know how it is with them!"

The great want of the Church to-day is *workers* with a deep and abiding sense of responsibility resting upon them. Practically carrying out this conviction, wherever I go "*I must work*" for the Master! Members of the Church of Christ, with this conviction of responsibility responded to, would, by many fold, see the numbers increased every year. Daniel Webster said the greatest thought which could occupy the mind was that in regard to personal responsibility to his Maker! A man may be charged sometimes with egotism and presumption when he unhesitatingly engages in the discharge of certain duties, when in reality he is but yielding to that inspiration which the Spirit of God has wrought within him, and acting in perfect harmony with the highest piety and the deepest humility. If God has given any man a special work to do, he can do it generally better than any other man. What is called sometimes *Christian courtesy*, exercised contrary to godly judgment, will have the effect of neutralizing all good influences. I remember a certain occasion, in the midst of a blessed revival, a visitor, who had little sympathy at any time with such scenes, was requested to preach. At this time the meeting was at a *white heat*; he preached what

might at some times and places be a very fine discourse, from "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and succeeded in toning down the state of feeling far below freezing-point, requiring much effort of the right kind to bring it to the same pitch of power again. Did the Spirit of God inspire that sermon? I think not. "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth: that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen" (1 Peter iv. 11). If God puts any man in a place, and enjoins upon him a duty, he is there by divine right, and as the Lord's anointed no one should *touch* him there. He is God's ambassador. So deeply was the old prophet Ezekiel imbued with this idea of non-substitution in the delivery of a divine message, that he gave utterance to this tremendous sentence, "His blood will I require at thy hands." Nature may shrink for a time, but under the influence of this conviction he ex aims:

"The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave."

And then prays:

"Give me Thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed, I can do all through Thee."

2. *A second element of power wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit is the deep conviction that you have something to say which ought to be said.* It is not the idea, I may or may not say it, just as circumstances may suggest, or simply "drawing the bow at a venture." That will never inspire much faith. On a certain occasion Jesus sent a disciple to catch a fish that had a piece of money in its mouth. It was not by a mere accident that the particular fish would bite at the hook. Faith in what you say yourself will have power to move, shake and stir, so as to cause them to tremble or cry out. It was this that caused Felix to tremble, and Agrippa to acknowledge the power of Paul. And when a man speaks with "the demonstration of the Spirit and with power," careless of all effects but that of touching the conscience of his hearers, they will always find something else to do than to criticise what he may have to say. David thought only of his sin, and the dishonor thereby done to God, when Nathan said, "*Thou art the man!*" Nathan's mission was to say something to David, and he said it. Jonah could easily have spoken to the people of other cities about the Ninevites, but the message of the Spirit was not to those. So let it be with everyone entrusted with the Spirit's message, "*Go and speak to this people.*"

3. Another element of power obtained only by the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit is *supernatural faith in the teachings of the Word of God.* It is not only believing an orthodox creed—being true to certain

well-understood traditions—nor is it the faith of the intellect; but that faith of the heart which makes the promises, and threatenings, and examples, and illustrations of the Bible as present realities. It is this faith that raises into spiritual manhood, and clothes with the garments of salvation, giving “power with God and with man.” The former kind of faith is not uncommon, in fact, can be found almost anywhere. The latter is much less frequent.

Connected with that faith in the power of God’s truth will be the use of *Bible terms*. These will always be found to be the most effective. The men whom God approves, with whom He trusts His messages, are men not afraid of truth, men who call things by their *right* names. They have a boundless faith in the teachings of the “Word of the Lord.” Their constant aim is to honor the Master, to work for the triumph of Christianity and the salvation of souls. They regard the statements of the Bible as to facts, duties, or final destiny, as needing no polish—no smoothing over, or hewing down. They are the most appropriate, and used as God has given, are ever producing effects. As expected, there is constant success, and this gives increasing encouragement for continued labor. As the worker in God’s vineyard sows abundantly, he reaps a plentiful harvest, which consists on his part specially in increased spiritual power to labor for God. Who that has felt the influence of Divine truth, himself under the moulding power of the Holy Spirit, can doubt its influence over and applicability to

others? And yet how often the question comes, "How can these things be?" "Is not this the carpenter's son?" "Whence hath this man this wisdom?" Expressions these, used in regard to the Master Himself, indicating the scepticism of some among His auditors. "What is there in Mr. — to produce such effects, or account for such display of power?" This has often been said when wondrous effects are seen following the efforts of some man of very ordinary ability. How can it be accounted for? Simply thus,—He has sought and obtained the gift of power! He has in his own soul a supernatural evidence, as well as confidence in the Word of God. The great power of the Gospel is not always the most evident when proclaimed by extraordinary men, but ordinary men endowed with the Holy Spirit's influence, telling the story of Jesus and His love, as felt by themselves, have produced effects altogether disproportionate to our expectations. *It is simply Divine power.*

4. The power is spiritual, and therefore can be realized in answer to prayer;—*One of its leading elements, then, may be regarded as being the result of faithful prayer.* Jesus often went alone to pray. Before setting apart His twelve disciples He spent the whole night in prayer. Again, Jesus "being in agony," He prayed, "with strong crying and tears." He declared that secret prayer should be rewarded openly, and promised also to be with them alway in their work. He left the promise, also, to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask. We have both the example and precepts before us. Let the principles

involved therein be applied by every Christian worker. The great need of the Church to-day, and indeed at all times, is the presence of the Spirit. There has been more or less of the presence of the Holy Spirit ever since the first great Christian Pentecost. But there have been important differences in the manifestations of His power. By virtue of His perfections we may always expect that God is near, and ever ready to display His power on our behalf. This is not enough to satisfy our deep needs. We want the splendor of His saving power. The sun shines every day, and the light radiating from his beams penetrates every cottage, and every glen, waking up a new life every few hours. But the genial warmth of a June morning is very different to the brightness of January. So it may often be with the presence of the Holy Spirit. There may be a spiritual winter, and His mighty forces inactive and unproductive. Humanly speaking, there may be an equal degree of wisdom in the various appliances of the Church, yet but little or no effect is seen. But while the efforts put forth by men are God-ordained, and designed by God to be successful, we see in all this the great truth, never to be overlooked, that all human agency derives its effectual energy from the Holy Spirit. The power of the Church of God in any of its workers to grapple with the world and sin, to overcome the powers of hell, and bring souls to the cross of Christ, whatever may be their intellectual training or culture, or however wise their plans of operation, does not consist in any or all of these com-

bined, but in the power of the Holy Ghost. Bereft of this, there will be feebleness, and the agencies of God's Church will not be terrible to her foes, nor mighty for the recovery of an apostate world. This truth was solemnly averred in the words spoken to Zerubbabel,—“Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.” Numerous facts in the history of the Church stand out in proof of this. Indeed, all the victories which have marked the career of the Church for eighteen centuries have been triumphs of the Spirit, and connected with events which have also indicated the prayerful dependence of Christian workers upon the Spirit.

We look at the state, and mark the operations of those Spirit-baptized disciples, as narrated in the inspired history of the early Church. Their prevalent sentiment is brotherly love, for the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul. Their prevalent habit was prayer. Their spiritual state was being filled with the Holy Ghost. The success of their ministrations was marked by the conversion of thousands in a day. Is this real? Is it sober truth, or mere rhetorical declamation? We reply, they are naked facts, set before us for our guidance in the most easy and simple form. This is speedily followed in the inspired history by a narration of other triumphs. Peter, now bold as any heroic victor, preached in the temple, though opposed by Sadducees and rulers, and we have the result thus stated, “Howbeit many of them which heard the word believed; and the number of the men was about five thousand.” Here follows

another statement, "And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women." And yet again we have another, "And the word of God increased, and the number of the disciples multiplied in Jerusalem greatly, and a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith." And thus the work goes on. From thence it spreads to other lands. In Samaria, in the polished cities of Greece and imperial Rome, glorious results follow.

What was the secret of the difference in effects now produced and those previous to the Pentecost? Were prejudice and passion less strong to overcome? What was it that caused these victories to multiply and increase so marvellously? Philosophy has in vain tried to bring to light the secret of this power. The Bible alone explains to us this secret, though the mode of operation is yet left an unexplained mystery. The men who spake were filled with the Holy Ghost. The secret of their power was, that it was power from on high. The human voice was feeble, as before, but an invisible energy from heaven filled their souls, and the word went like a magnetic shock to the sinner's heart! The words were uttered by organs of human speech, but the energy of the Spirit was omnipotent. Stout-hearted men bowed before this Divine message, as reeds before the wind. Their speech and their preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Coming down to modern times we shall find that in every revival of religion the same power of the Spirit has been acknowledged. In the days of President Edwards,

in connection with the work of the Wesleys and Whitefield and many of their successors in various branches of the Church, the same power has been felt and similar effects have followed. More recently also in that wave of wonderful revival which swept over Ireland specially, about thirty years ago, as well as those even still more remarkable events resulting from the efforts of D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey—one of whom preached the Gospel and the other sung the Gospel with equal profit—the secret of their power was ever acknowledged to be the inspiration of the Spirit of God.

Now, the question which we desire to bring home to every Christian worker of to-day is, may we—*may I*—realize the power of that same Spirit? May I expect to see results of a similar character under the influence of the same inspiration? I answer, UNQUESTIONABLY. The promises of God are just like Himself, unchangeable. The condition of attaining that sacred power is that we *ask—seek—knock*; PRAYER is the condition upon which God gives the inspiring Spirit, as a power to work for Him. Not only do results show the Divine source from whence they come, but there are many facts which prove that this power was solemnly, earnestly, and importunately sought after by believing prayer whenever a revival of God's work has been experienced. The Moravian Church adopted the custom of maintaining intercessory prayer both day and night. Members of the Church alternately engaged to keep up the solemn vigil, so that holy importunity

for the salvation of souls should never cease. This was like the fire on the Jewish altar, it was never to go out! Every great revival has been preceded and carried on by remarkable tenderness of heart and much of the spirit of prayer. Here is the secret of power! And if the secret of that power is known to us, and yet we are destitute of it, what will be our doom? We have it in the words of warning already quoted, "His blood will I require at thy hands." If we, as Christian workers, have not that power, let us acknowledge our deficiencies before God, and implore in united wrestling prayer the baptism from on high. Let there be any given number of souls in every one of our churches, who will not desist from beseeching God for the outpouring of His Spirit, and especially that every Christian worker may have a double portion of that Spirit, and a revival would soon take place which would spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Prayer always precedes the presence of the Holy Spirit. We must look for it, that it may come. And when the secret of power has come and is made known, the praying spirit must continue in order to maintain His work. The shower must not cease. There must be no intermission in the blessed effusion, though there may be a diversity of operations. Only one part is accomplished, even when unwonted zeal and great activity are evident on the part of public workers. The harvesters must continue the work under the same Spirit of power. The golden grain will ripen, and must be gathered, or the harvest ungathered may be worse than the field untilled.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION: A REVIEW.

DR. DRAPER'S HISTORY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN
RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

FOR weeks and months after the publication of this volume, newspapers, magazines and reviews each took turn in reviewing, defending, condemning and reprobating the book and its author. In some professedly evangelical publications there were unqualified commendations, and in others of the same type equally unqualified condemnation. Why revive it now? I answer, the book is still extensively circulated, and with a certain class of minds there is much attraction in the agnosticism found here. I am prompted to write because I think I have got something to say, and thus use my own discretion. Every reader can use the same privilege.

Whatever is published by Dr. J. W. Draper will doubtless have many readers, and be treated with that respect which his learning and culture cannot fail to command. The position he occupies, as Professor in the University of New York, will be regarded as a sufficient guarantee as to his capabilities to write on subjects connected with natural science. Favorably

known as the author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," and other minor works on scientific subjects, as well as the "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," and a "History of the Civil War"—thus heralded, this last "History," published by D. Appleton & Co., as the twelfth volume of the "International Scientific Series," leaped at once into notice, to be praised and condemned as the judgment, or, it may be in some cases, the caprice, of the reader might dictate. From a Christian outlook it cannot by any means command universal praise, nor can it receive universal condemnation. In fact, there is no party having deep religious convictions that can be satisfied with it. That Roman Catholicism cannot be pleased is undoubted; that Protestantism will be displeased is equally certain. That there is evidence of great ability, great independence, many peculiarities, no one can but admit. I would like to add that it equally bears the stamp of honesty and thorough research, thereby entitling every statement of the author to credit; but this, I regret to say, I am not prepared to do. This is a serious charge. Let us see to it.

Dr. Draper is the son of an English Wesleyan minister, and as such enjoyed the privilege of an intellectual and moral training at one of the educational institutions of the Methodist Church in his native country. To the present, in so far as I have learned, he has spent an earnest, active, laborious life. At an early period his attention was directed to scientific studies, which, with the practice of medicine and literary

pursuits, he has prosecuted with much assiduity and great success. He is, however, untrue both to his early training and the antecedents of his life. While we have the power to use our intellect, every man is liable to change his views, and, of course, has perfect liberty to do so; and, moreover, may be equally honest and truthful in advocating views in direct opposition to those which he has previously held. But sincerity alone is not sufficient to make any man morally a good man. Dr. Draper, in forsaking the Church and theology, as well as the country and politics, of his fathers, may have been conscientious and honest; and yet some things which he learned during the early period of his life, which still have and must ever have the same being, in this production he seems to ignore even the fact that he ever knew them or heard of their existence.

In pleasing contrast is the case of any one who, during a life of mental and bodily toil, remains true amid various oppositions to the traditions of his fathers, and spends his energies of both mind and body in promoting the interests of God's cause and uplifting our common manhood. Among the earliest recollections of my childhood is that of a pleasant, cheery, communicative and gentlemanly Methodist minister, seated in an arm-chair at the fireside in my father's old English home, or at the supper-table, after attending to the duties of his calling in the little *chapel* near by. His name, the Rev. Charles Ratcliffe; his appearance and manners would strike you as those of a "fine old English gentleman." Some of his utterances I have remembered

ever since. Referring to a certain kind of criminality Mr. Ratcliffe said, "The man thus guilty ought to be hung on the highest tree you can find." He was passionately attached to antiquarian curiosities, and, in fact, was regarded as a perfect connoisseur in all matters pertaining thereunto. But a few years ago he was taken to his reward.

Dr. Ratcliffe, his son, had a similar training to Dr. Draper—perhaps at the same school, about the same time. Like Dr. Draper, he has led an active, laborious life, and is now one of the most extensive and successful practitioners in the largest city of the world. His published works on various scientific subjects, bearing directly or otherwise on his profession, are regarded as worthy of universal admiration for the honesty and candor therein manifest, and are constantly referred to as containing perfectly reliable and authoritative statements on the subjects which he treats. Unlike Dr. Draper, also, he is true to his religious antecedents—he still, in middle life or perhaps past that period, remains a faithful adherent of the Church in which his father ministered during a long life, and to which he and every one thus trained must owe much of their success. Is he honored the less for this? Are his productions less scholarly? Is he less successful in his practice? And further, is he less happy while thus endeavoring to glorify God by helping the souls as well as the bodies of men? I, for one, think not. Who will say he is?

While we may concur in all that Dr. Draper says

about the real value of scientific investigation, as well as the blasphemous pretensions, the prodigious hypocrisies, the intolerance and persecuting spirit of the Romish Church, it is yet impossible to believe with him that Roman Catholicism is the purest type of true religion at present on earth. The Divine Founder of Christianity forbids persecution for opinions that differ, endows every man with the right of private judgment, and holds him responsible for both faith and practice. Dr. Draper combats these views as embodiments of religion and as opposed to the investigations of science. If Romanism is, as assumed by him, the representative of true religion, and all the facts of history attributed to it are part and parcel of religion as taught by Jesus, we have not another word to say. But surely every Christian student of history will at once utterly and indignantly repudiate any such statement. There may have been war for ages between science and the spirit that would not tolerate investigation, fostered by the Church of Rome. This book is a "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science." The very title is a misnomer. There is no conflict here; nor can there be, inasmuch as many of the most devout religionists have been the most enthusiastic scientists. I need but mention in this connection the names of Newton, Herschel, Faraday, Brewster, Agassiz, and a host of others if required.

It is of little importance to determine whether the birth-place of modern science is in Europe or in Africa.

Dr. Draper is probably correct in stating it to be in the famous Alexandrian Museum, which was destroyed in a great measure by paganized Christians, and the work of destruction thus begun, completed by fanatical and embittered Moslems. Nor will it retard our efforts in the pursuit of knowledge to believe with the author that the honor of reviving the true scientific method of research, by induction, belongs to Leonardo Da Vinci, and not to Lord Bacon. It is much more valuable to know that religion fosters and encourages this spirit of investigation, ever has done, and ever must do the same. This conflict is found to exist now, as formerly, in that system which Dr. Draper tells us "is the most widely-diffused and the most powerfully-organized of all modern societies; and is far more a political than a religious combination." Much important and valuable information, and many historic facts, well put, are found in this book; but great caution is necessary in separating the precious from the vile.

Several misrepresentations will strike the reader of this volume, which I cannot refer to at present more than to mention.

Dr. Draper assumes there exists a deep and widespread divergence in popular feeling in opposition to religious faith. Where is it? True religion has more power, attracts more attention in the world, at present than at any preceding period of history. Christianity has everything to gain from science, nothing to lose.

Christianity being still an aggressive movement, is not the statement of our author a misrepresentation?

Is it not slanderous to say that revelation is tolerant of moral divergency, but not so of the facts of natural science?

Dr. Draper's scepticism leaks out in his laudations of Stoical or necessitarian views. Is not the philosophy of Paul relating to a future state at least equal to, indeed infinitely preferable to, that of Zeno? I believe in Providence, not in fatalism.

Science is credited with all human progress. Is this its due? Does not all ancient and modern history establish the fact that where revelation is absent science is also unknown?

THE BACKSLIDER'S DEATH-BED.

MORE than forty years have now elapsed since the following circumstances occurred, but such was the impression produced on my mind thereby, that the scene seems to be as vividly presented before me to-day as when it first took place. It was in the year 184—, the second of my ministry, that I was appointed to the small but rising town of ——. Connected with it as a mission was a large tract of surrounding country. The first two or three Sabbath evenings I observed a person coming into the church and seating himself near the door, retiring as speedily as possible after the service, apparently in order to avoid contact with any of the congregation. His person was attenuated; his countenance pale and haggard, though presenting marks of intelligence; his whole frame was tremulous; his step was infirm, though not with age, and he evidently needed the support of the cane upon which he leaned. Disease of some kind was manifestly preying upon his system. I occasionally saw him walking slowly, and always alone, with averted eyes, along the streets; and also noticed his abode as one of the poorest and most uninviting in the place. After a few Sabbath evenings

I missed him from his usual place. Incidentally I heard Mr. —, the person I had observed in the church, was in poor health; in fact, it was expected he would not live many weeks or months at most, and that he had expressed a wish that I would call and see him.

During my ministerial life hitherto I had always made it my first business to visit the sick of the Church or the congregation, or any other, if such a desire was expressed. In this case I hesitated. The reason why I hesitated will be found in the following circumstances, which were evolved in answer to my inquiries respecting him. I was also told that, from the nature of the disease, he was likely to linger probably for several months. I felt desirous—being then but young in the ministry—of having time for consultation with those who, as I learned, knew his history from his childhood, as to the best mode of doing him any good.

Mr. — was of respectable parentage in the north of Ireland, had the advantage of religious training, and was in early youth converted to God. He was pious and devoted, and gave promise of usefulness in the Church. He was married—with perfect satisfaction to both families—to a young woman in every respect his equal, and whose efforts were to help him on in the right way both “for this life and that which is to come.” He became successively an exhorter and a class-leader, and for several years lived a happy and a useful life. Wherever he went he met with a

cordial greeting. Few persons were more acceptable at any of the appointments on the circuit than he was; and my informant also stated that he became the God-honored messenger of salvation to many souls; and some in his native land, and others who are now in Canada, remember, with gratitude to God, the earnest zeal and faithful entreaties which were instrumental in drawing them to Christ. But, alas! in an evil hour the demon entered his soul. To all who knew the parties concerned, the most unexpected and unaccountable circumstances took place. Suddenly his attendance to religious duties ceased, and the kind husband and affectionate father became dissatisfied with and inattentive to the pious, excellent wife of his youthful days, and the sweet children whom God had given them to watch over. A few unhappy weeks passed by, and the tears and prayers of wife and entreaties of other friends were unavailing to bring him back to moral consciousness. Eventually he left the neighborhood which had been the scene of much satisfaction and happiness for several years, and took with him the wife of another, who heartlessly left her own family and home to become the unlawful and scorned companion with whom, under other circumstances, there could have been no thoughts or feelings in common. To him life hereafter—in view of life's great object—was to be a blank; and though now in the full vigor of his manhood, days of happiness and usefulness had fled, never to be recalled again. They embarked for America;

and at the time I found him with the companion of his guilt and two children, they had lived in adultery for six or seven years. Those years, however, as I learned, had been spent under one huge dark cloud. He was the victim of disease; seldom free from intense pain; and, what was still worse, on some occasions almost maddening remorse; and the woman was like one sent to "torment him before the time." Their existence was in the most squalid poverty and all its attendant wretchedness.

In the above circumstances will be found the cause of my hesitation after he expressed the wish to be visited. Though I determined to do so at *some* time, *then* I saw scarcely any ground for the faintest hope of doing him any good. I felt that before I could enter upon any conversation with him relative to his soul's salvation, I must of necessity first ascertain his willingness to change his course of life, and *place himself on promised ground*. From all I could learn, I was afraid there was little or no disposition to do so; that he was in fact trying to persuade himself, under the blinding influence of Satan, that it was possible for him to continue his present life, and also enjoy religion and be prepared for heaven.

In the course of a short time I was, however, unhesitatingly led to his habitation. I had retired to rest near two o'clock in the morning, but shortly after was aroused by a sharp rapping at my bedroom window. In reply to my question, "What is wanted?" I received the answer, "Mr. — is very bad, and wishes you to

go and see him at once ; he thinks he cannot live many hours longer." *I rose and dressed myself immediately, and, before leaving my room, offered a short but anxious prayer that God would aid and direct me in my contemplated interview with the dying man. During the few minutes which intervened before I came to his presence, on my way there, a confused and strange hopelessness seemed to pervade my mind. A little way from the dwelling I met a person who told me he thought "Mr. ——— would soon be gone," and that *he* was leaving the house because he could not bear to remain any longer. As I came near, I heard his cries of agony, and on entering the doorway a scene of horror presented itself. The dying man was forsaken by every one (for several had been there, as I learned, during the early part of the night) but the equally guilty partner of his few last years. All the house contained could not have been valued at five dollars. The two poor children were crouched in dirt and rags, weeping and shivering. The woman, whom I now saw for the first time, was as repulsive an object as almost any of her sex could be. The poor man was suffering the most excruciating pain of body, but this, I was soon persuaded, was little compared to the agony of mind he was then enduring. He was only partially undressed, and his bed was a wretched pallet of straw. On this he was throwing himself from side to side, and ceaselessly uttering cries of despair. He literally "roared for the disquietude of his soul." He gave utterance to his feelings in sentences varied as follows :

"O, my God! I shall be dead in a few hours, and where will my poor soul be?" "O, my God! I shall soon be gone, and what a life I have lived!" "I was not always this way, but there is no hope for me now!" "O, God! I shall be dead before daylight, and my poor soul will be in hell!" He seemed to regard his doom as already irrevocably fixed, and only once during the few hours which transpired before his death did I succeed in arresting his attention, and then only for a moment. In reply to a question, he groaned out the words, "Pray! yes, *you* can pray!" He continued to give utterance to those despairing cries, and throw himself on his bed for a few hours until entirely prostrated, paying no attention whatever to external objects, and even with his dying breath tried to utter the words of deprecation so often before expressed.

Thus passed into the presence of his Judge this BACKSLIDER. "The way of transgressors is hard."

TIMOTHY OLDBOY'S RECOLLECTIONS.

I. PRELUDIAL.

I PROPOSE in these sketches to rescue from oblivion some things which, if I do not perform this duty, I am perfectly certain no one else ever can. I say this without the least degree of hesitation, and also without any fear of being charged with egotism. It is the simple statement of an obvious fact. But some one may ask, and others probably reiterate, "Are the things which follow worth recalling? Shall we be any better—wiser? Will they afford even any amusement?" Questions these which I cannot positively solve for you. I will venture, however, two or three remarks as being in some sort a reply to your queries. First, I will say, you are not obliged to read; your reading is as purely voluntary as my writing. Then, again, if you desire to obtain information, unless you are already wise above most other people, I think I can put you on the track—turn to the leading editorials of this paper (the *Mail*), in which I greatly rejoice in these days of independent thought; though I do belong to the Oldboy family, yet I do not acknowledge any connection whatever with another family to whom many people have thought we were closely

allied, viz., the venerable family of Oldfogie. Read those editorials and you will be both better and wiser. Then, I will further say, reminiscences of the kind I have faintly in view, some of them very deep in the recesses of memory—if I can succeed in bringing them up and placing them in the sunlight of to-day—have always been to me the most popular kind of reading. They have ever been, and are still to me, “philosophy teaching by example.” You will infer from these remarks that I am trying to reason from analogy. I am presuming that your human nature is similar to my own, and that other men are just about like us. On this point I will say no more, but, should you read these reminiscences, leave you to be pleased or displeased—I hope the former—as the case may be.

What I propose to do is this, to present these scenes, not in any chronological order, but as they may occur to me; possibly the last may be first and the first last, appropriately or inappropriately. From this you see I do not propose writing an autobiography of Timothy Oldboy, in whom, it is presumable, you have no special interest.

But who is this Rev. Timothy Oldboy? Did we, or do we ever see or hear him in any of our city pulpits or platforms? Well, I do not think it would be wise on my part to attempt to answer every question.

I will make a statement and conclude this *preludial* part with some lines from Wordsworth.

My father was an Englishman, the family having

lived on the same estate at least from the time of James II.; I know not how much longer. He decided on leaving England and going to Ohio. A letter received just before leaving, from Sir Richard F——, induced him to change his purpose, and I landed with him in Toronto (Little York) more than fifty years ago. Within one month from the time of landing in the city of New York, with my father's family, I was living on a farm a short distance from Little York, paid for with bright English sovereigns. Since that I have become the Rev. Timothy Oldboy, and now you know all about me.

“I ask not from what land he came,
Or where his youth was nursed ;
If pure the stream, what matters it
The spot from whence it burst.”

II. HOW I WAS MADE A D.D.,—AND HOW SOME OTHER MEN ARE MADE D.D.'S.

I AM essentially a self-taught man. I have no recollection of ever having been taught to read, or of anyone who taught me. Undoubtedly I was taught, and *someone* taught me. I distinctly remember that when I was five years of age I could read as well as I can to-day. For more than threescore years I have been a most omnivorous reader. The habit formed in childhood cleaves to me still, and I trust it will long as life shall last.

My elementary education was not neglected. I had

the best advantages which were available, though far from equal to those of to-day. Mathematical study was my special forte. In this I was generally *dux*. I went through and, I presume, mastered some of the first books of Euclid without a teacher. Reading and study were always my delight. True, I had not the most remote idea, at that time, of becoming distinguished as a D.D.; at the same time I had, even in my early boyhood, a consuming ambition to become an author.

During the time of my preparation for the ministry I was at home assisting (?) my father to work the farm, a few miles west of this good city of Toronto. I never left the house without a book. On a certain occasion I was engaged in ploughing, though I never could plough a straight furrow. In order to utilize the time,—for I thought all time thrown away which was not used in intellectual culture,—I fastened a Greek Testament, then newly acquired, on the handle of the plough, so as to be able to get a glimpse of the words as I passed up and down in the furrow. In this manner I first became acquainted with the beginning of St. John's Gospel in the original. In due time my annual and final examinations were passed creditably, it was said at the time, and I was appointed to a pastorate by the properly constituted authorities of the Church.

But I am in this paper to state how I was made a D.D., as well as how other ministers may attain similar honors. I spent several years in maturing my

thoughts on systematic theology, on which I prepared a most elaborate work. In view of making arrangements for its publication, I paid a visit to the city of Boston, Mass. While there I became acquainted with several professors of the University, and was invited to preach before them. The Dean of Theology said the prayers, and my sermon was delivered before the most learned congregation of the American Athens. I was duly honored by reporters, and my sermon was published in some of the leading city papers. Criticisms abounded. By one it was said to be perfectly orthodox, and full of sound theology. By another it was thought to favor the new theology, which was then just beginning to crop up into notice. By another it was said to be learned, as a composition, beautiful, well-delivered, but did not voice any decided opinions in theology.

Having completed the arrangements for the publication of my work, which was to be in two beautiful octavo volumes, I returned and again began to work. It was now the first of May, and such a work as I had produced would take some months to bring it out in a proper style. It could not be ready before autumn.

I had been at home about six weeks when I received a large envelope bearing the insignia of the Boston University, addressed, "The Reverend Timothy Old-boy, *Divinitatis Doctor*." This was the first time I had seen my name in such connection. I was naturally much excited, and at once broke the seal to see what it contained. I read with delight and gratitude a

beautifully-written Latin diploma on parchment, conferring on me the degree of D.D. This was accompanied by a private letter from the President, of which the following is a copy :

"BOSTON UNIVERSITY,

"June 4th, 18—.

"REV. TIMOTHY OLDBOY, D.D.

"DEAR SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that our University has conferred upon you the degree of D.D. at the recent convocation. Herewith also you will receive the diploma, duly signed. I trust, dear sir, you may long live to enjoy this honor, and become increasingly useful to an appreciative people.

"Allow me also to congratulate you on the profound impression produced by your sermon preached in our University Church. The beauty of its composition, the quotations from the original Greek, the proofs and illustrations from Juvenal and Horace so appropriate and correctly enunciated from the author's own Latin, all combine to show your erudition, and prove the correctness of the remark made by a gentleman at the convocation, that it was rather an honor to the University to confer a degree on you than honoring you thereby.

"Hoping we may have a visit from you at no very distant day,

"I am, Dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"H. BANKS, D.D., LL.D.,

"Principal Boston University."

I was no longer an ordinary man ! I communicated all this pleasing news to my family, with the direction that I was now to be called "the Doctor." My eldest boy wanted to know if he was not to be called "the young D.D."

Well, another thing I must notice—honors always

bring additional expense and responsibility. This was to be no exception, as I soon discovered. My people were delighted, and very considerably sent me a present of \$100, and also increased my annual stipend by the same amount. Letters of congratulation came in by every mail, for you must know that D.D.'s were not as plentiful in Canada a quarter of a century ago as they are at present. It was then regarded by the great majority as a *real mark* of distinction. Requests came by the dozen from various congregations, hoping "the Doctor" would give them a Sabbath on the occasion of their next church anniversary, about half a dozen of which I endeavored to comply with annually.

Some four or five years later, I received a letter of which the following is a literal copy. There may be honorable men who judge others by themselves, and on reading this account may doubt its truthfulness. Now, I beg to assure every such doubter that I have not set down aught in malice. I dare say some of the blanks referred to could be found among bundles of other rubbishy papers, if I were to make the search :

"OFFICE OF DE BLEURY COLLEGE,

"City of Cavour, Mo.,

"August 26th, 18—.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of sending to your address ten blank diplomas from the Faculty of De Bleury College, conferring the honorary degree of D.D. upon as many ministers as may be willing to comply with the conditions. We leave it to your own judgment as to who may receive the degree. The recipient of a parchment usually pays twenty dollars, the

half of which you are at liberty to retain, and the balance please to remit to my address for the benefit of the College. We have already had returns from some of the principal cities of your Dominion, and also from every State of the Union.

"Our charter was procured only three years ago, and paying the members of our Legislature through whom it was obtained has kept us poor. As yet we have no building—the office is in my own house. The President has been appointed Professor of New Theology, and also Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, so that his hands are already full.

"Hoping to hear from you as speedily as possible,

"Believe me to be

"Yours fraternally,

"JOSIAH NEWMAN, D.D.,

"*President De Blenry College.*

"The Rev. T. Oldboy, D.D., etc. etc."

I jumped up, throwing over my chair, and strode across the floor of my study, exclaiming to myself, "What does the fellow take me for?" Mrs. Oldboy rushed upstairs to see what was the matter. "Matter enough," said I, "read that insolent letter and you will see." How much the cloth may be indebted to him for the increase in the number of D.D.'s I have no means of knowing. From that day to this, nearly thirty years ago, I have never heard either of the College or its President.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW, or some one else just as wise as he, gives the following most excellent piece of advice, "Never prophesy until you know." I do not think, however, there is much danger of being classed among false prophets if I say the Sunday-school of to-day will in a great measure produce or settle the type of religious experience of the future. This being the case, it is a question of momentous importance, *What should its teachings be?* If experience is the outcome of a belief of the truth, then our children must have doctrinal teaching if the Church of the future is to have a scriptural experience. How is this to be brought about? Let me indicate certain truths which must be taught. The *necessity of the Holy Spirit's work*,—that *genuine Christian experience only can follow conversion*,—that there must be *corresponding fruits* in a pious life,—that every true disciple *may know* that he is a child of God. Let these truths be deeply impressed on the mind, and take possession of the heart, the Church of the future will not be a mere school of morals, but be all aglow with songs of gladness. Again, there are certain elements which are

vital to Christian experience. They are such as these: Conviction and repentance of sin, pardon, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, the witness of the Holy Spirit, sanctification, joy in the Lord. These, and many more, are taught in the Bible.

Moreover, every phase of modern experience and Christian life has its type in the Bible. The conversion of Saul was certainly as marvellous in its manifestations as anything ever seen in modern revivals at camp-meetings or elsewhere. To raise the cry of "*enthusiasm*," or "*fanaticism*," unless we can disprove the account of Saul's conversion, is to be guilty of the veriest folly! These experiences are an inspiration, and give birth to religious activities, and make zeal glow like a fire. Here, in fact, is the key to the holy heroism of the first, and the wonderful progress of Christianity of this the nineteenth, century.

Shall this experience continue? If these truths are taught in our Sunday-schools, and above all, if our Sunday-school workers present a living, practical illustration of such truths, then may we expect the Church of the future to be full of vital power! On the other hand, if our Sunday-schools are mere schools of morality, then the Church of the near future will be the same. More than this is required. Definite and heart-belief of God's truth, and experimental piety as the outcome of that belief, only can produce the desired effect.

The same principles are applicable as to amusements of a doubtful character. Wine-drinking, card-playing,

dancing, covetousness, among Sunday-school workers, will fill the Church, before the children of to-day become men and women, with members of the same kind. Thistle seed will not grow wheat. Thorns will not produce oranges. Lax ideas of doctrine, of devotion, and of morals, practised and taught, even negatively, by Sunday-school workers of to-day, will produce the same in the Church of the very near future.

It is the same as to benevolence. If *missions*, if *educational institutions*, if *hospitals* for the sick and infirm who cannot provide for themselves, are to continue in operation and be increasingly useful, it must be determined *now*. Upon the Sunday-school workers of to-day there rests a tremendous responsibility, as they also possess a wondrous power. The teaching of the present touches the future, and solves the problems of to-morrow. Parents leave this chiefly—far too much, in fact—to Sunday-school workers. Every element which enters the structure of our Sunday-schools should be a subject of intense solicitude, even as much or more so than our standards of doctrine or confessions of faith for the Churches.

At the risk of being regarded as heterodox on this point, I will place on record the following: I have known Sunday-school teachers who always appeared before their class with their prepared helps in hand, and, in not a few cases, never having studied the lesson. These "teachers" almost invariably allow the children to read answers to any questions from the "leaves." This is using "helps" with a vengeance. Result,

neither teacher nor pupil know any more about the lesson at the close than at the beginning. Now, while we gladly use the International Lessons, let the Scriptures be interpreted and applied in accordance with our denominational standards. Let the lesson also be read and studied from the Bible, and all "Banners," "Times," and other helps be left at home. There should also in this be perfect uniformity. Sunday-school teaching must also have a thoroughly evangelical tone. This will fill the Church of the future all aglow with hallowed fire. Every Sunday-school worker is shaping the course of immortal souls! There is no room here for triflers!

Let every Sunday-school worker appreciate the dignity as well as the responsibility of his office. A certain artist once said he was painting for eternity. In a much more extensive sense is the Sunday-school teacher working for eternity. He is moulding the eternal destiny of souls!



POEMS.



POEMS.

FAREWELL TO HOME.

TUNE—"Bounding Billow."

S WELLS my heart with poignant sorrow,
While I think of friends and home ;
Forth I leave you on the morrow,
O'er this weary world to roam.

But each duty brings its blessing,
When the heart is cheer'd by God ;
With His streams of grace refreshing,
Then I'll spread His praise abroad.

And my God will surely guide me
O'er the weary waves of life ;
'Neath His wings I'll safely hide me,
'Mid its changing, fluttering strife.

When its toils and joys are over,
All its sorrows, all its pain,
Then in heaven we'll meet each other,
Where we'll never part again !

ELORA.

ELORA! I would that I had seen thee
When no other but the native Indian,
Or the wild woodland deer, with outspread horns,
Or other forest denizen were found
Wand'ring aside thy meand'ring river,—
Then might I have survey'd the works of God,
In all their unadorned majesty!
But now the busy hum of men is heard
Around thy unique waterfall;
Forests have yielded to the woodman's axe,
Where erst the aboriginal abode
Was found—a wigwam, in simplicity
Of style, with native luxury adorn'd.
The Huron or the Mohawk no longer
Finds place to rest; the race is ebbing out,
And soon not e'en a remnant will be found!

Still thou art beautiful!
Thy rising hills, each side thy murmur'ing stream,
Refresh the sight of weary travellers,
And call from thy own sons, and daughters fair,
Exulting strains, praising thy rural scenes!
Still thou art beautiful! Thy old river
Rolls unceasingly in its ancient course,
With sloping banks unto its very edge;

Or, more majestic, dances o'er the rocks
In its firm bed, with banks of dour stone
Reared upward; and whirling eddies form,
Or bounding spray leaps up.

Emblem of life!

Ever swiftly in its allotted course,
But seldom smoothly, may it pass away.
The rocks of pride—the quicksands of despair—
The yawning whirlpools of our common foe,
Are lurking ever in its devious path!

I love to look upon that waterfall!
In haste it rushes o'er the shelving rocks,
And hurriedly pursues its course below;
I love to look upon the rising spray,
And watch until, its force all spent, it falls
With listlessness into the pool beneath.

And that old rock!

Alone and solitary does it stand;
Its rugged edge o'erhangs the bubbling eddies;
The passing stream of many ages gone
Has wash'd away its base and left it there.
Ere many years, like some time-worn old man,
Whose age is more than his allotted space,
'Twill suddenly, with some bold rushing flood,
Roll o'er into the deep beneath!

I love to look upon thy cypress trees,
With drooping branches, ever-during green;
Or tap'ring balsam, with its spiry top;

Or climb among thy everlasting rocks,
 Of primitive formation, as they were
 When He, whose wisdom governs all things,
 Gave them a new existence !

Elora, thou art beautiful !
 Here commerce, health and beauty all may bloom ;
 Religion, too, might flourish 'mid thy scenes
 Of peace, where poverty nor luxury
 Have bound thy sons with stern, unbending hand.
 May no deadly moral blight e'er throw
 Its with'ring coil around thy infant name ;
 May thy fair daughters and their sons know Him,
 Whom if they know, eternal life enjoy !

ENVY.

"Thou taintest all thou look'st upon."

HENCE, baneful Envy, monster, demon, hence !
 Presume not like a king, as thou art wont,
 To sway thy with'ring sceptre o'er our race,
 Or, like a god, to reign within the breast,
 And shed thy flick'ring, dimming light around
 In every action ! I've seen thy sceptre,
 Malicious tyrant of the sinning race !
 With vengeful zeal swayed o'er my fellow-man ;

Men, created to partake of joys divine—
Men, designed of God to live forever—
Men, redeemed with Christ's most precious blood,
Have yielded to thy death-diffusing power!

Yea more :

Malignant Envy rose above the skies,
And fain would climb high heaven's imperial throne!
Lucifer, impelled by the malign decree,
Made war in heaven; his unholy object
To dethrone th' eternal glorious King!
Was it not well, O infernal monster,
That angels once *all* were *holy*, happy,
In the presence of their God? Till thou
Since then, and now, with zeal unabated,
Infused into the peaceful breast of one,
Brighter, it might be more holy than other
Of heaven's inhabitants, struggling passion
For pre-eminence! A sad pre-eminence
He has obtained in a less holy place!
There may thy sway, henceforth, alone be found!
Arise, ye Christian race! Shall deathless souls,
Designed to sing forever unto Him
Who loved and washed them from their guilty stains,
Thus yield their powers to thee? Shake off the yoke
By which the soul has been enchained. Arise!
God calls you to a better, nobler state;
A constellation of eternal bliss
Lies in the vista of futurity!
Repeat the strain; arise! partake the bliss;
No longer yield you to the tempter's power!

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

“The Word was made flesh.”—JOHN i. 14.

I.

THE world was dark,—systems had been proclaim'd
Some thousand years before,—tottering they stand,
But speedily to fall. Truths not even nam'd
Beyond the precincts of Judea's land
Had travers'd to the broad sea's utmost strand ;
Nations had tasted truth's life-giving spring,
But yet they thirst,—they wait till God's command,
Obeyed, shall to their souls sweet solace bring,
And He, the Christ, stand on the earth a God-like king !

II.

Ancient forms, yielding to a ruthless power,
No longer give the mind a resting-place ;
The Gentile priests, amazed, look for the hour
When their frail imag'ry shall have no space
Whereon to stand. Apollo's priestly race
Have lost their power ; the oracle no more
Responds in Delphi's hall—dark is the case—
All is cheerless sadness, night's gloom hangs o'er
Futurity ! though time runs ceaseless as before !

III.

The nations bowed to famed Imperial Rome.
Liberty! prized as life by patriotic bands,
Was far from many as their much-loved home;
Led on in sorrow from their distant lands
To grace the triumph of a victor's hands,
Sad was their fate, and heavy was their heart
While they obey'd a Roman's stern commands;
And yet they dare not but perform their part
To please, though it should be with melancholy art.

IV.

But war had ceased, and peace its right maintained,
The doors of Janus' temple now were closed;
Augustus Cæsar his mild sway sustain'd,
The world bowed to his sceptre and proposed
To celebrate his triumph o'er his foes;
From Juda's hills to Britain's distant coast
Then loudly a wild song of praise uprose,
The strains prolong'd by an unthinking host,—
Proud Cæsar is their joy, their glory, and their boast.

V.

Events do not on all occasions shine
With such transparent lustre to afford
At once surpassing brightness to their shrine—
Attract a wond'ring throng and best accord
With human thoughts—such as the warrior's sword
Achieves. More glorious are Jehovah's ways—
“Let there be light,” was His creative word.
Light came, obeying what the Almighty says;
Albeit we wonder not to see its beauteous rays!

VI.

Thus while the source of uncreated light
Was born in favored Palestine, no fame
Or vain display of human pomp or might
Told where the Son of God, whose glorious name
Should give new life, whose constant work and aim
Should be to do His people good, was found ;
No empty human pageantries proclaim
Hosannas with a loud and solemn sound ;
Thee, O Ephratah ! only heard his praise abound !

VII.

Nobler pæans than aught of earth could raise
Were chanted o'er Bethlehem's favor'd plain,
Shepherds, who watch their flocks, stand in amaze !
A glorious light from heaven descends amain
And shines around, bright and more bright again,
While angels sing, Glory to God above—
Prolong the strain—peace and good-will to men,—
Secure the bliss—partake his offered love
To man, through Bethl'em's babe God's choicest blessings move.

VIII.

But lo ! a star adorns the horizon
To guide to Him the wise men of the East ;
Bright were the rays it shed their path upon.
They go, obeying the divine behest,
Salute the King with holier zest
Then they had every felt or known before
Within their joyous, consecrated breast,—

They fall before His feet—present their store
To Him, who gives them joy and life for evermore.

IX.

Bright star! O wouldst thou shine and guide us
now
To where the world's Redeemer may be found;
We see thee in the Book Divine, and bow
Before His glorious face; with solemn sound
We sing His praise, and shout the world around,
Glory to God, a Saviour's now revealed,
Our songs of praise shall more and more abound;
Awake the sleeper—let the sick be healed—
And may each heart be by thy Holy Spirit sealed!

ON THE DEATH OF MY ONLY DAUGHTER.

DECEMBER 29, 1882.



MARY, thou art beautiful! I think
I never gazed upon a face like thine,—
Guileless, pure, lovely, only to be loved;
With large, soft hazel-eyes, a ceaseless smile
Played on every feature; thy rosy lips
Half-parted ever, tempting to partake
Kisses, sweeter than nectar of the gods.
“A thing of beauty, and joy” of many,
Many hearts wert thou while with us thou stayed!

Oft had my thoughts run thus
Since this new object of my love had come
T' enchain my heart in such a sweet embrace ;—
If I should live to age and feebleness,
Unable to minister to any want,
How blest to have my own dear Mary near,
To hear the music of her voice, to see
Her beauty-beaming eye, to feel the touch
Of loving, gentle hands,—so tenderly !
O Mary ! a minist'ring angel thou wouldst be !
The mother, now so bright and beautiful,
Would then begin to feel the weight of years.
How would our hearts rejoice in Mary's love,
No human tongue could tell. Such were my dreams.

The loving Father came from heaven and said,
"I'll take her to a better clime than this,
Where she may live and love for evermore !"
Day and night I gaz'd on thee, my Mary dear,
I did not think—I could not think that thou
Wouldst leave us, until I saw thee struggle,
E'en in the very jaws of death itself.

Two little girls, two little boys, children
Of one common stock, on earth, in heaven too,
Were there long years before to welcome thee !
Long as my God while here shall lend me breath,
I'll think sometimes of thee, my darling girl !
I know not if they greet thee *sister* there,
I know not if they call thee *Mary* now,—

But this I know, thou art an angel bright,
 And pure, and beautiful, and good,—too good
 To stay with us below, I'll therefore go
 To THEE.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

“ And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move ?

There is.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
 To come to succor us that succor want ?
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant.”

—SPENSER'S “FAIRIE QUEEN.”

IT was the calm, still evening hour,
 I sat me in the summer bower ;
 I thought of home—I thought of bliss—
 I thought of other worlds than this !
 While gazing on the starry sky,
 A bright and beauteous thing stood by ;
 And then outbeamed a heavenly smile,
 He thus commenced his song the while :
 “ My home is yon bright world above,
 But I'm a messenger of love !
 I've been thy guardian, child of earth,
 From the first hour which gave thee birth ;

Oft have I left that glorious scene,
And followed thee o'er this terrene ;
I guided thee o'er the trackless deep ;
I've followed thee up the mountain steep ;
I've seen thee stand on the craggy rock ;
I've watch'd thee 'mid the earthquake's shock.
And when the fierce tornado's blast,
With gathering fury round thee cast,
With dread intent, its firm embrace,
And thou hast sought some sheltering place,
Wherein to hide thee from its aim,
I've still thy friend and saviour been,
And thus prolonged life's changing game,
In this unknown and varied scene.

But more than this, thou child of earth !—
I've guarded thee 'mid scenes of mirth !
I've brought thee safe through snares of vice,
And many ills which youth entice.
I've touched thee with my radiant wing,*
When thou hast thought no holy thing
Did thus its kindly aid afford,
To cause each heart, in sweet accord,
With thee to join in songs divine,
To Him who doth His gifts bestow
On seraphs bright, who ever shine
Before His throne, and men below.

* A beautiful legend exists in some parts of Germany, that a Person who first breaks silence in a mixed company after a pause, is touched by an angel's wing.

I'll be thy guardian angel still ;
 I'll teach thee God's most holy will ;
 I'll be thy guide where'er thou'lt go ;
 I'll keep thee safe from every foe !
 While thou'rt submissive to my power,
 I'll comfort thee each trying hour.
 Though devils all their arts avail,
 And men with them thy faith assail,
 Trust thou in Him who doth declare,
 I'll not forsake nor ever leave ;
 The soul He's watched with tender care,
 He never, never can deceive."

Fare thee well, thou guardian spirit !
 When this vain pilgrimage is o'er,
 And wash'd throughout by Jesus' merit,
 I'll meet thee where we'll part no more.

 AUTUMN.

A GAIN old Time with ceaseless round has brought
 His autumn days, with pensive pleasure fraught ;
 Nipt by the early frost, the forest tree
 Presents the emblem of mortality.

The spring diffused its quickening showers,
The forests spread their shadowy bowers,
The summer sun shed forth its genial rays,
All nature smiled to see the lengthened days.

But summer's beauties soon, alas! are past,
To summer sun succeeds the autumn blast;
The withering leaf assumes its yellow hue,
To teach frail man that he is mortal too!

Sweet autumn day! I love the pensive sadness,
Thoughts of thee infuse, more than all the gladness
Of gay, young hearts, who, without God or heaven,
Think not of thee, or thy sad lessons given.

I own it is a melanchol thought,
That we, like fallen leaves, must soon be brought
To kiss our native earth, and closely lie
Entombed. O man, remember thou must die!

But what if on the resurrection's morn
We rise renewed on angels' wings upborne?
The monster death may lose his boasted power,
The Christian meets him in a happy hour.

LINES TO MARY ELIZA.

[The subject of the following lines is a little girl about four years of age, who always greeted the writer in the tenderest terms of affection, and left for a distant home without having an opportunity of saying farewell. A few weeks after this she died of scarlet fever.]

AND art thou gone, sweet little one,
 Without a last good-bye ;
 And may I not *that* welcome find,
 From thy young beaming eye ?

Thy words of love to parents dear,
 Are like the thoughts of heaven
 The Christian feels, when by his God
 Are purest blessings given.

And those to me were oft address'd
 In accents of delight ;
 Such as should rise in praise divine
 To heaven's majestic height.

The Saviour taught, while here He stay'd,
 That children such as thee,
 Before His Father's throne appear,
 In blessed purity !

I'll pray for thee, sweet little one,
 That thy life's stream may flow
 O'er these tempestuous, troublous waves,
 Ever as calm as now.

O may thy life be trained for God !
That when at last we rise,
That if on earth no more we meet—
We meet above the skies !

TO MARY ELIZA IN HEAVEN.

THERE is a world above this earth,
A world of spirits bright,
Where all is joy and heavenly mirth,
And love and heavenly light.

To that blest world our thoughts aspire,
While here God's praise we sing ;
We strike with joy the golden lyre,
And cheerful tribute bring.

And when we think of those we loved,
Though transient was their stay ;
With lively hope our souls are moved,
We long to soar away !

Oh, happy, happy is that place
Where all our spirits meet ;
Beyond the bounds of nether space
We'll soon each other greet.

Sweet little girl, and thou art there,
An angel bright and pure,
Far from the reach of every care,
And every sinful lure.

And thou art fit to dwell with God !
From sin thy soul is free ;
I hail thee in thy blest abode,
And pray to dwell with thee.

Short was thy stay in this vain world,
Its cares thou never knew,
Affection's banner, wide unfurled,
Its shadow o'er thee threw.

Though thou this world art far above,
And sorrows cause to sigh,
I'll not forget thy smile of love,
And beauty-beaming eye.

When anxious thoughts would tear my breast,
And cause the tears to flow,
I'll think of thee and heavenly rest,
Far from these scenes of woe !

What though thy parents mourn thee lost,
And sorrow fills the heart ;
Thou'rt one of God's redeemed host,
From Him no more to part !

Angelic spirit ! fare thee well ;
A few more days and years,
We hope to join the song and tell
He's wiped away our tears !

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF GUELPH.

OME listen to me, I'll sing you a ditty,
 A theme I've obtained, and more is the pity;
 I'll not, with old Homer, go back to Troy,
 Nor sing, with Kirke White, of the "Wandering Boy."
 My theme is a good one, I know you'll admit,
 If you'll have the patience a minute to sit;
 'Tis not, of all others, my own pretty self—
 Far better than this—'tis the "young men of Guelph!"
 The "young men of Guelph!" why, what have they
 done,
 That thus you are writing and making a pun?
 They've done nothing yet, but propose to begin
 A course, of all others, to keep them in sin!
 They intend to "get up," as you will see,
 An Amateur Theatrical *bee*;
 In order to cheat Old Nick of his due,
 For charity's use they'll give every *sou*!
 The *Herald* may say he sees "no objection,"
 But by this he just proves that he's caught the infection.
 We think it's a pity but Shakespeare could rise
 And see how these "young men" his heroes disguise;
 Could he hear Othello declare his firm hate,
 Or Desdemona bewail her sad fate,
 I trow he'd think them from some foreign land,
 Put in his *caveat*, and call them to stand.

Ye spirits of Kean—of Siddons—of Kemble!
Those “young men” declare they’ll make you all
tremble!

Now Garrick’s no more—Macready has done—
’Tis here they will have most wonderful fun!
O why should you act like some silly elf?
Stop, ere you begin, ye “young men of Guelph!”

THE INFANT'S BURIAL.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

I SAW a mother bending o’er
A lovely daughter’s grave,
While sorrow pressed upon her heart,
For her she could not save.

I heard her say, “My lovely child,
Why art thou gone from me?
My heart was glad while here thou stayed,
And I thy face could see!

“But then,” she said, in accents mild,
“My Father’s will is best;
’Tis His design, my Mary’s gone
To her eternal rest.”

She raised her heart in humble prayer
To heaven's glorious throne :
"Support me in this trying hour,
My God, Thy will be done !

"All wisdom doth belong to Thee,
Thou God of heaven and earth ;
Our joys and sorrows are divine,
They have in Thee their birth.

"I mourn not, Mary, without hope,
Though thou'lt not come to me ;
I'll live to God while here below,
And then I'll go to thee."

She bowed submissive to the will
Of Him who ruleth well ;
Though nature still its right maintained,
Her grief she did not tell.

That mother's heart yearned o'er her babe,
Though not a tear she shed ;
Her cheek was pale—her eye was fixed,
She *felt* her child was dead !

A little boy stood by the grave—
He had not learned to weep,
For sorrow had not touched his heart,—
He thought she was asleep.

He kissed his sister's cold, pale cheek
 (Her corpse was covered o'er),
And then he turned, and cried aloud,
 "I'll never see her more !"

"Why weepest thou, my darling boy?"
 His mother softly said;
"The grass will grow upon her grave,
 It is a quiet bed !

"O, nearer to thy mother's heart
 Wilt thou and Annie be,
Since Mary's gone to heaven above,
 Her Father's face to see.

"If thou art good, as Mary was,
 While here she stayed below,
Thou'lt see her in a brighter place,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know !"